

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## HOW A GOOD DEED WAS FOUND OUT

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Two

### TONY GOES TO SEA BRAVE TALE OF A BARGE

How She Went from the  
Humber to the Mersey  
A 16-DAY ADVENTURE

There is no end to the adventure of seafaring, whatever your vessel may be.

It may seem that a barge is out of the running where romance is concerned. But oil has come into the life-story even of the barge, and has brightened her whole being. If you doubt it, hear the story of the bold barge Tony of the petrol-using class.

The Tony's proper home is on the Humber and the rivers and canals that link the Humber with West Riding towns and with the Midland plains. But it became her duty to reach the busier scenes of the Mersey, where a big petrol barge like herself might be even more at home. (You must call a vessel she, even though her name is Tony.)

#### Round the North of Scotland

It is quite possible to pass from the Humber to the Mersey by commonplace Midland waterways, rivers and canals, if your craft is of a size that was expected when canals and locks were made; but the motor-driven Tony was designed for more spacious waters though she was only a barge, and she could not take the overland canal route. What then?

Why, of course she went round by sea. In this stormy, sleety, wintry weather too! A sea-going barge! Enough adventure in that, surely, for the most reckless!

Can you not see her, a mere barge, over which any wave could break, creeping out of the Humber, heading northward past Bridlington, Scarborough, Whitby, hugging the coast lest she should be too far from shelter; past the Tees, the Tyne, and the Farne Islands; past the Forth, the Tay, Aberdeen, and Peterhead; and then thankfully creeping at Inverness into the quietude of the Caledonian Canal; and so in comfort across Scotland.

#### A Harbour of Refuge

But all too soon, when the western sea is reached, there are stretches of rougher waters from the broad Atlantic to be watched, and advantage must be taken of every island as a shelter till the mouth of the Clyde and the North Channel are passed and there is a run across the Irish Sea to the Isle of Man.

For sixteen days does the good barge Tony throb her way before the stormy winter runs her fiercely into harbour—not on the Mersey, but into the timely refuge of Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. And there she lurks in safety, but like a hunted thing, nine days before she can complete her journey to the Mersey, where her proper duties—not those of a sea-going craft—await her.

Who will say after this that adventure does not come the barge's way?

### Two Afghans Take a Walk in London



The Afghan hound, better known as the saluki, is becoming an increasingly popular dog in England, and in this picture we see two very fine dogs being taken for a walk in London. Although fierce in its own country the Afghan hound is gentle and friendly in England.

### PARLIAMENT OF THE ROOKS

ONE of the puzzles of bird life is the daily meeting of a colony of rooks. They come to earth in scores, even hundreds, and with excited, low cawings seem to discuss matters of high policy. We call such gatherings rook parliaments, so well-ordered seem the conferences.

What the birds say and what they mean we are unlikely ever to know, but all bird watchers are agreed that the assemblies have a meaning and lead to positive results, whether it be the punishment or expulsion of some erring member of the tribe, a plan for the exploration of new territory, or the defence of the old against some alien invader.

The other day a traveller in a train saw a new form of rook parliament. The birds, numbering several score, seemed to be conducting their debate in the air, though none moved, none flapped a wing, and the distances kept between the birds were symmetrical and unchanging.

Presently, as the train drew nearer to the scene, the mystery was solved. The birds were in a hop field. The hop poles were still standing.

Between each pair of upright poles a horizontal pole was laid from top to top, so that the field was covered as with a gigantic series of pergolas. Now, each perching rook had stationed itself at the top of one upright pole. The whole flock was regularly spaced out, and each upright had its living crown of sable.

There the parliament was in progress, as if uprights were seats and the intervening connecting poles gangways into which no orderly bird might trespass.

Grave and whimsical creatures, the rooks conducted their business with the utmost decorum, a vast mosaic of black dots beneath a wintry sky, making one feel that the affairs of rookdom were receiving the same care, attention, and wise consideration that human affairs are supposed to evoke.

### THE FIRST OF SEVEN A BEAUTIFUL OLD POET PASSES ON

Writing Verses for Joy and  
Sharing His Meals with the Birds

#### DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE

A beautiful old man has died in India and is being mourned by a great many people to whom he was known as the Borodada, which means the Elder Brother. He was the oldest of the seven sons of the family of Tagore. Sir Rabindranath is the youngest.

These sons had a very fine father, and the father had a very fine father. The father of the seven was a visionary, a religious leader, and was known as the Great Sage. He lived more in the soul than in the body, and was long remembered as an influence for spiritual things. The grandfather, a merchant, was well known in London, and died here in 1816 after long years of good work among those who needed help.

#### A Writer of Great Charm

The fame of Sir Rabindranath is greater in Europe than that of Dwijendranath, who was also a writer of great charm and distinction. He shut himself up and wrote verses for his own joy, and never dreamed of publishing them. The youngest brother remembers very well how, when he was a boy, he used to hide himself near by when the Borodada was writing a poem, as his brother used to have a trick of repeating aloud the lines which had given him so much pleasure to compose.

The scholars of Bengal knew already what to think of this man who hid his poetic gifts from the world in general, for they had seen some of his religious poems, and had read his beautiful prose.

As he grew older the Borodada hid himself and lived in a little cottage where only students saw him. The last twenty-five years of his life he dwelled apart from the world in this way, happy in his thoughts, the spirit growing stronger as the body grew weaker. Many a young man would come and sit at his feet and listen to some of his good words, and go away strengthened for the battle of life.

#### Like St. Francis

The Borodada loved all creatures great and small, and, like St. Francis, talked to and watched over his little brothers the birds. It was a very beautiful sight to see this old man sharing his meals with the birds and squirrels, smiling at them as they settled on his knee to take their titbits. "We are all God's creatures," he used to say. Even the pariah dogs were his friends. No one came to that cottage in vain.

Now he has passed into the Great Beyond, but it seems to those who loved him that he is not really dead; his spirit still clings to the tract of earth he made his home, and he is still an influence for good.



## IN SEARCH OF A HERO

### A GOLDEN DEED FOUND OUT

R. A. Johnson of Fleetwood is Reminded of the War

#### REMARKABLE STORY

For eleven years a Belgian lady, Madame Chers (who with that name must be a dear lady) has been looking for an English soldier who saved her children from a burning ruin in the Ypres salient in 1915. Now she has found him.

It is a remarkable story, and this is what happened. A swift German advance preceded by heavy artillery fire cut off at Dickebusch a party of British soldiers, of which he was one. The shell-fire had set the houses and the chateau at Dickebusch on fire, and from the chateau came the cries of children.

In that terrible confusion the thought uppermost in everyone's mind was to get back to the British supporting lines before being shot down and captured, but one man, hearing the cries of the children, could not go. He turned aside to the burning chateau, dashed through the flames and smoke, and brought the children out.

#### An Unwritten Rule

When he came out with them he found a small group awaiting him in field-grey uniforms. They were the Germans. His brave deed had made him a prisoner. A prisoner he was by all the rules of war, but in the hearts of brave men there are other rules.

The German officer who commanded the field-greys had seen the English soldier go into the chateau, and watched him come out, smoke-grimed and weaponless, but leading the frightened children. There happened then one of the good deeds of the war, not told till now. Perhaps the German officer had children of his own; at any rate, it was not in his heart to take a man prisoner who had risked his life in such a deed. He told him to be off; he should have an hour's grace to get back to the British lines!

#### After Eleven Years

We wish we knew that German's name, if he still lives; but we should never have known the Englishman's if it had not been for the chance that in that hour of peril he had left it with the people who took charge of the children and lodged them in a monastery.

It came about that after eleven years the Belgian mother advertised in a local English paper for Mr. R. A. Johnson of Fleetwood, asking him to come and see her at the hotel at Preston where she was staying, and it happened happily that that advertisement found the saviour of her children!

It was the monks who had remembered his name; nobody else had heard of it or of what he had done. The C.N. believes that, though we do not know what he said to Madame Chers when they met, it was something like *Well, what else could I have done?* For R. A. Johnson is that kind of man.

#### THE APPLE DOCTOR

The Food Investigation Board has just published a special report on diseases from which apples in cold storage suffer.

In some cases the skin will turn brown, and in others the flesh of the apple will discolour. Many troubles caused by bruising, by unsuitable packing, and by allowing carbon dioxide to accumulate during storage are described, together with their prevention. Science is working hard to see that all our food brought from overseas arrives in perfect condition.

## CATCHING AN ICEBERG IN TIME

### A PROFESSOR'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Can the Floating Mountains be Blown Up?

#### ATTACK WITH CHEMICALS

There is a new explorer of Greenland's icy mountains. It is Professor Howard Barnes, who teaches physics at McGill University but practises it wherever there are icebergs.

He is setting out like any great adventurer to Greenland, to see what can be done to destroy the icebergs which, when the spring comes, float southward on the Labrador current to harass the liners and other ships in the North Atlantic.

He carries the weapons of his science with him. They are not test-tubes or microscopes, but that remarkable chemical named Thermit, which can, with suitable handling, develop enormous heat. It is like an oxy-hydrogen flame, and Professor Barnes will use it to blow up the great icebergs which topple off from the Greenland glaciers, before they can set out on their voyages.

#### A New Greenland Saga

It is not easy to destroy an iceberg, as the gunboats of the Ice Patrol have found. They will stand a good deal of bombardment. But Professor Barnes sets out to make a new Greenland saga with several tons of chemicals, and with them he will drill what are practically heat-mines in the icebergs to bring about their destruction.

This is no fanciful project. Professor Barnes, who will have the help of several scientific assistants, including Professor Dahles, the geologist, and Mr. G. V. Douglas, who accompanied Shackleton on the Quest as physicist, has studied glaciers and icebergs in relation to navigation for thirty years. It was he who invented for use on ships a delicate device which gives warning of the nearness of an iceberg by recording the quick though slight fall of temperature due to the iceberg's approach.

So, if Professor Barnes believes that this is a feasible way of catching the early iceberg and making plain the path of ships, there will certainly be found value in his expedition. But what a strange and fine adventure it is, and what quiet deeds of courage these unobtrusive professors undertake!

## CAN COAL BE ABANDONED FOR EVER?

### One View of the Crisis

A coal crisis is approaching, and many people will read with interest a remarkable opinion expressed the other day at a meeting of the Research Association of the British electrical industries.

One of the speakers, Mr. L. B. Atkinson, declared that the problem of removing the universal discontent of to-day could be solved by research, and went on to point out that the nation has just had to find £20,000,000 to support the most backward industry in the country, a sum which, if spent on research, would almost certainly make it possible in a few years to abandon coal for ever.

## SCOUT MEETINGS ACROSS SPACE

### A Good Use of Wireless

The American Boy Scouts are making an original use of wireless in scattered country districts.

Troops of Radio Scouts have been formed, and from various broadcasting stations across the country a Scout meeting programme is broadcast once a week. It includes bugle calls, songs, addresses, cheers, and games.

## PADEREWSKI LOST AND FOUND

### A WONDERING AUDIENCE

Waiting an Anxious Hour for a Golden Hour

#### FAMOUS MAN SIDE-TRACKED

All Toronto was waiting to hear the great Paderewski, that famous man whose touch on the piano awakens melody that is immortal, because none who hears can ever forget the magic.

The auditorium of Toronto's largest theatre was packed with people looking forward to a golden hour in their lives such as they might tell of to their children when they would listen to the genius who had been Prime Minister of Poland in her troubled days, who had been made Sir Ignace Paderewski by King George, but who, first and last, was Paderewski the pianist.

Every man and woman in the crowded theatre looked eagerly at the place where he would presently appear and would walk towards the big Steinway grand, waiting open-mouthed, like the audience, to receive him. It was the appointed hour. In another minute that spare figure with the strong face and cloud of greying hair would appear. But he did not come. The minutes slipped by, they mounted to half an hour, three-quarters, an hour, and still Paderewski had not appeared. What had happened?

#### A Chapter of Misfortunes

Rumours began to fly about the hall like murmuring bees, but the wildest of them was wide of the truth. The pianist whom all were eagerly awaiting had been side-tracked.

Every care had been taken to bring him to Toronto with honour and luxury befitting the occasion. A special saloon had been attached to the train, and then some officious railwayman had shunted the saloon into a siding!

That was the beginning of the chapter of misfortunes. Paderewski, determined to keep his engagement, got out of the saloon, and with his wife began to cross the railway lines on foot. They had to clamber through a train that was standing still. Before they could get through it the train backed into a tunnel. So while the audience waited in the auditorium the pianist and his wife waited in the tunnel. But at last the search-party sent out by the frantic management found the benighted passengers, extracted them with difficulty, and at last, an hour late, Paderewski, grave but unruffled, walked to the piano and stood by it, while Toronto cheered, and cheered, and cheered.

## GOOD MORNING

### Have You Said It Today?

The other day we read of a traveller in Canada who praised a certain hotel because at the top of the breakfast menu was printed the greeting "Good Morning." He knew no one in the place, and was grateful for this touch of humanity.

Now we hear from Johannesburg of the formation of a Good Morning Club. "I invite you," said the President at the inaugural meeting, "whether you have reached the top rung of the social ladder, or whether you are merely standing at the base holding it firm for others to climb, to say Good Morning to everyone without distinction."

In English country places no man passes another without greeting, whether he be neighbour or stranger. It is a good thing to do, and doubtless the towns would be pleasanter places for this humanising civility. But it would be impossible for a man to salute everyone he met in the streets of London. He can only see to it that he speaks a cheerful word, instead of giving a curt nod, to the ticket collector, newsboy, and fellow worker whom he sees every day. Cheerfulness helps us all

## SOUND ASLEEP ON A SINKING BOAT

### The Help That Came in Time

#### ANOTHER SEA ADVENTURE

The early weeks of this year will long be remembered in the records of the sea. Another thrilling tale comes now from the Atlantic, concerning the Dutch freighter Alkaid.

The Alkaid was caught in a fierce storm when the temperature was three degrees below zero. The crew fought bravely, but the gale was too much for them. Sea after sea swept over the Alkaid. Her boats went; her engines would not work; she became a water-logged wreck still afloat.

Night and morning following each other made three days, and still Captain Roos and his 26 men struggled to save their vessel. They were reduced to the last pitch of exhaustion, and to them all came the calmness that is born of despair.

The Alkaid was now lying on her beam ends, washed by heavy seas from stem to stern. Her captain decided that she might perhaps live one more hour. He sent out a final S O S, and then gave his last order. Choosing one man to help him with the look-out, he ordered the other 25 below, saying that as they had to die they might as well die comfortably. The exhausted men obeyed, and were soon fast asleep.

#### The Sleepers Awake

In the meantime, unknown to them, help was coming. The S O S had been picked up by a German liner, the Westphalia, bound from Hamburg to New York, herself severely battered by the gale. The day wore into night and again into day, and still the liner bore on toward the derelict, her look-outs straining their eyes. Captain Graafls sighted the almost submerged Alkaid a few minutes before the last-hour given her by Captain Roos was up.

That brave Dutchman could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the lines of the vessel looming up against the sky. He staggered below to tell his sleeping crew to wake up and be saved!

## THINGS SAID

Rabat in Morocco is far safer for the lonely Englishman than Piccadilly Circus. *Mr. H. R. S. Phillpott*

There is a tonic in big things.

*Rev. W. M. Kelley*

I disclaim the ancient title of palace for my cold fortress and prison-house.

*Archbishop of York*

You cannot judge a nation by the radio it keeps. *A New York Correspondent*

The only way to stop cruelty to animals is by imprisonment.

*Mr. Gattie, London Magistrate*

Any rise in the standard of living provides a country with an increased home market. *Mr. Bertram Austin*

The world is not so happy as it was.

*An Engineer aged 92*

Englishmen carry games with them into every country of the world.

*Commander Coote*

Through all these years of trade depression we have still been the greatest exporters of manufactured goods in the world. *Mr. Reginald McKenna*

I support steel houses because I know the houses of Glasgow, houses where the Sun never rises, in an empire on which the Sun never sets. *Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, M.P.*

The human race is wiser than any one of us; and we shall all have to come back to the headlines of the copy-books.

*Dr. John Hutton*

The League has never had to use force to stop a war, but it has stopped six wars. *Professor Gilbert Murray*



## WHAT BOYS ARE THINKING

Questions Asked in 58 Countries

### SOME OF THE ANSWERS

Representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association in 58 countries are to meet this summer at Helsingfors, the beautiful capital of Finland, to discuss how the Y.M.C.A. can help to make a better world; and in preparation for that discussion a series of questions has been sent out to boys in each of these countries to find out what the world's boyhood is thinking.

Summaries of the answers from some of the countries have been published. Those from Japan are perhaps the most interesting. Here, for instance, is the voting of six hundred boys as to the three men who have exerted the greatest influence in the world: Christ 400; Buddha 249; Confucius 185; Napoleon 96; Meiji Tenno (one of the Great Mikados) 81; Edison 64. What is particularly surprising is that a majority of these Japanese boys think the white races superior, not only to the black, but to the yellow races also.

### What New Zealanders Read

The New Zealand boys say their chief subjects of conversation are sport (easily first), politics, motors, picture shows, schools, girls, clubs, religion, and schoolmasters. The most important good influences in their lives, the great majority say, are their parents; religion and mother, schoolmaster and mother, parents and music, sport and work, are among their answers. The most important bad influences are smoking and drink and bad companions, and one boy answers: "Money and a certain boy I know."

Favourite books include Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, Coral Island, Black Arrow, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Gulliver's Travels, Treasure Island, David Copperfield, Westward Ho! and Pilgrim's Progress. Most of the boys look down on foreigners.

From South Africa no detailed answers are sent, but two interesting general conclusions from the answers are given. The first is that prejudice against the natives is much less strong among the boys than among their parents, and the second that the younger generation are showing an increasing interest in social service and the affairs of their town.

## ABYSSINIA AND HER SLAVES

### A Problem for the League

When Abyssinia was admitted to the League of Nations in September of 1923 it was on a solemn promise that she would abolish slavery within her borders and help to stop the slave trade in the surrounding territories.

The Empress Judith and her Regent issued a proclamation threatening slaveholders with death and imposing on each provincial Governor a fine of a thousand dollars for every slave who was raided from his province.

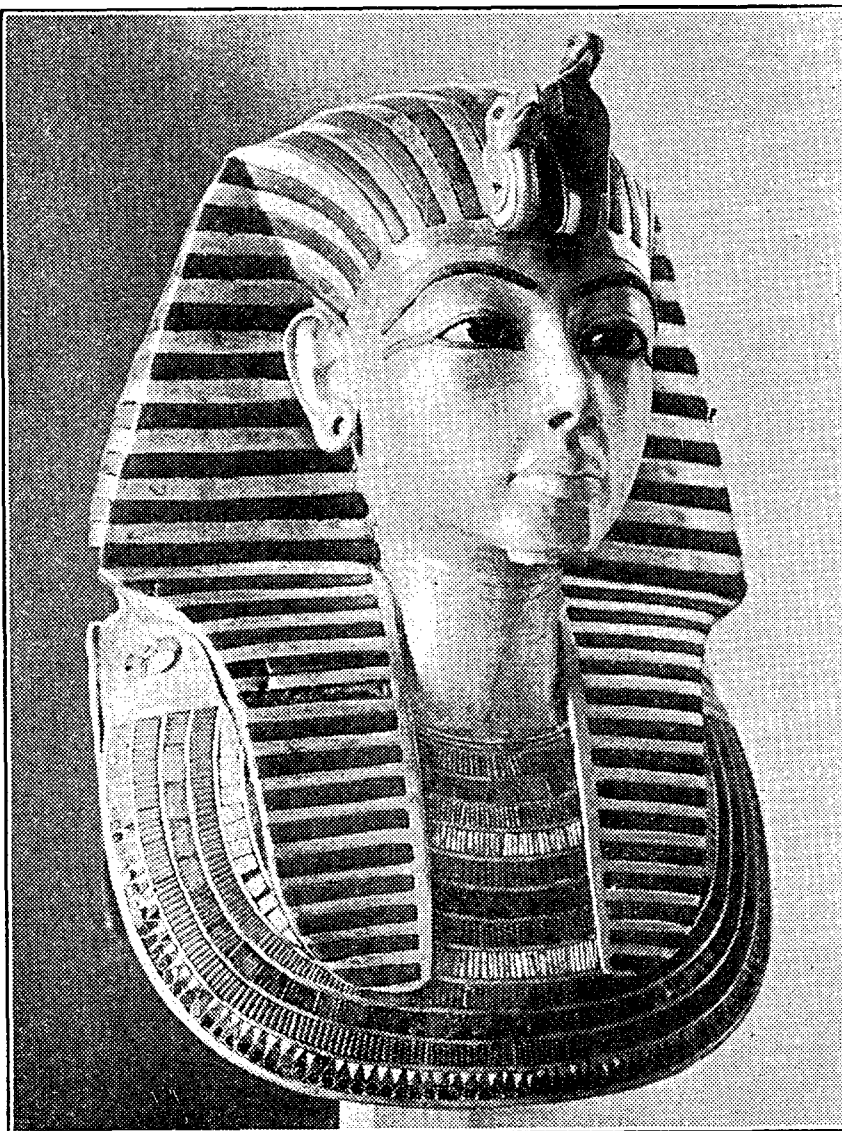
But the proclamation has proved a dead letter; and if, as is said, the Regent's authority does not run for more than ten miles from the capital that is not surprising. Moreover, the British authorities in Kenya have been troubled with persistent slave-raiding over the frontier, which the Regent is equally unable to suppress.

It seems clear that in admitting Abyssinia to membership the League allowed itself to be hoodwinked. The question is What is it going to do now?

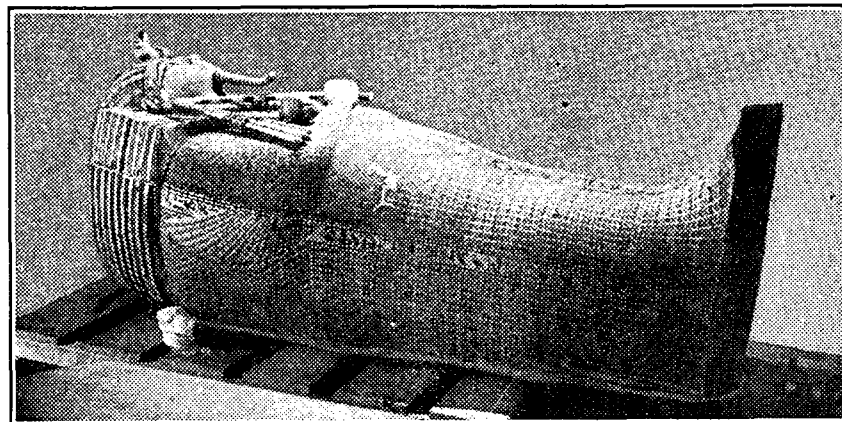
## TUTANKHAMEN IN HIS GLORY



Mr. Howard Carter at work on the third, or innermost, coffin



The massive gold mask of Tutankhamen



The second coffin of the king

The quartzite sarcophagus of Tutankhamen with its massive granite lid was found to contain three wonderfully sculptured coffins. The mere gold of these is estimated to be worth at least £50,000. The third coffin is gold throughout, and the massive gold mask covering the king's head is the most perfect example of Egyptian sculpture yet found

Photographs by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

## ONE OF THE WAR'S LEGACIES

### SERIOUS FACTS OF A GREAT TRADE

#### Decline of the British Iron and Steel Industry

#### A MILLION TONS LOST ABROAD

The British iron and steel industry keeps careful account of the iron and steel produced, and it is regrettable that last year there was a serious decline.

Every month in the year before the war we produced 850 thousand tons of pig-iron; in 1925 the monthly output was only 520 thousand tons. If we turn to steel we find that in 1913 the monthly production was 639 thousand tons, whereas last year it declined to 616 thousand tons.

These are serious facts when we reflect that Britain was the first country to base a great iron and steel industry on the burning of coal, and that for years we produced more of the most useful metal known to man than all the rest of the world put together.

#### Much Iron for Building

In 1862 all the world produced under eight million tons of iron, out of which the British share was nearly four million tons! Things have so changed that now we produce only a small part of the world's output.

The British decline in output is the more remarkable because of the wide use now made of iron in building.

All this modern steel building makes a new and tremendous home call upon the iron and steel trade, and as the total output has declined we see only too plainly that other parts of the trade must have sadly fallen off.

It is when we look at the records of our overseas trade that we understand what has so largely brought about the decline in British iron and steel output.

#### A Legacy of the War

In 1913 we sent abroad, to foreign countries and the British Empire, nearly five million tons of iron and steel in various forms. Last year this figure had fallen to less than four million tons. That is a very heavy loss, and we can easily understand that what is a loss to the iron and steel trade is also a loss to coal-mining, for to produce a ton of iron and steel exports calls for the use of several tons of coal fuel.

Once more we see what special injury the war has inflicted on Britain by striking at her overseas trade. The revival of the British iron and steel trade depends on two things. The first is that the world is at last settling down again to peaceful pursuits, and will become a better buyer of our goods. The second is the hope that British enterprise will renew itself and, by using the best methods, will avail itself of the world's markets.

## HIS MAJESTY THE SUN

### Chief Wireless Jammer

Some of the wireless waves, though perhaps not all of them, will have a new difficulty to tackle in the next few years, for the Sun is about to act as an unofficial interferer.

The Sun's first attempts at interference made themselves felt when there was a recent dazzling display of the Northern Lights in latitudes comparatively far south. The reason for it was that the Sun was shooting an unusually large stream of electrons at the Earth, and these sparkled against the helium atoms in the upper atmosphere, where the layer which reflects the wireless waves round the globe is believed to be.

The electrons were discharged from the spots which are beginning to blacken the Sun's burnished face and will be large in number each year for several years to come.



## A GENERAL IN A TIGHT CORNER

### THE EMPTY SEAT AT WELLINGTON'S STATUE

The Field Marshal, the Provost, and Another Cup of Tea

### TALE OF A MARCH PAST

Sir Ian Hamilton has been in more than one tight corner, in Gallipoli and elsewhere, and has managed very well to get out of them. Here is the story of one of the oddest corners he was ever in.

General Hamilton was telling the story to a big company of Scotsmen in London the other day; the actual event was some time last summer.

Sir Ian was in Glasgow, and so was Lord Methuen, senior Field Marshal in the British Army. The ex-Service men of Glasgow thought it would be a fine idea to form up and march past the Field Marshal and give him the salute.

### Tea at the Lord Provost's

Lord Methuen agreed to be the guest of this ceremony at a certain hour, but omitted to say that he was also the guest of another ceremony that day, tea at the Lord Provost's. He knew the Lord Provost would not keep him more than a few minutes.

Sir Ian then set to work to organise the March Past. It was a pretty big affair, as the ex-Service men numbered thousands. Presently they were ready, and with one eye on his watch Sir Ian led the troops off to George Square. There the company listened to an address, and again with one eye on his watch Sir Ian got the men into column and began the march.

### The General's Dilemma

He had arranged with Lord Methuen to lead the men past the carved seat under the Duke of Wellington's statue. There the Field Marshal was to take his stand to receive the salute. Sir Ian went a long way round so as to give the Field Marshal plenty of time, and Glasgow thoroughly enjoyed it. Great crowds gathered, traffic was held up, and there was tremendous cheering and enthusiasm as the long column went on to the rolling of the drums.

Soon they were near the statue, and just as Sir Ian was thinking it was time to give the order *Eyes Right!* he saw a staff officer, looking pale and worried, rushing up to him. He bore the saddest news. *The seat under the Wellington statue was empty.*

Sir Ian, we may be sure, wished that he and his marching men and rolling drums were anywhere else just then. He could not salute an empty chair, and ask his men to *Eyes Right!* to the Wellington statue. There was only one thing to be done, and Sir Ian did it.

### Taking the Salute

Hastily relinquishing his command, he did a hop, skip, and jump and was in the carved seat in a moment. There he stood and took the salute. At the moment Lord Methuen was being pressed to have another cup of tea at the table of the Lord Provost, who was assuring him that there was plenty of time to get to the saluting-point!

The long column wound by, and the drums rolled, and the men probably did not mind very much when their Right Eyes Righting alighted on their dear Sir Ian. Let us hope the General was in time for a cup of tea also, and that there was with it one of those nice scones you can get only in Scotland.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Aeolus . . . . . E-o-lus  
Nilgiri . . . . . Nil-ge-re  
Ulysses . . . . . U-lis-eez  
Urdaneta . . . . . Oor-dah-nay-tah  
Zodiacal . . . . . Zo-di-a-kal

## THE WAY TO PEACE IS COMING

### Marconi's Hope of Two Years Hence

### WIRELESS TO KILL WAR

We were very glad to read the other day some words of Signor Marconi foretelling the end of war.

The illustrious inventor declares, without fear of being taxed with exaggeration, that wireless telegraphy, wireless telephony, and television constitute together the certain means for making war impossible.

The first and second we have; the third, which will enable us to see what the eye without it cannot see, is on the eve of being realised.

Monster battleships, says Marconi, lost all their value as engines of warfare when the submarine was invented. The submarine, should another war break out, will be rendered useless by the means we now possess of detecting its whereabouts, even at a great distance.

In two years at the most, declares Signor Marconi, the problem of television will be solved, and "at that moment war will become an impossibility. An enemy one cannot see is able to believe himself safe; but when we can see from afar where he is hiding it will be easy to guard against his attacks."

That will mean the end of wars, thinks Marconi, and the problem of a durable peace will have found a durable solution.

### A NEW NAVY

### Commissions Open to Indian and British Boys

There is to be a Royal Indian Navy. The news, announced by the Viceroy at the opening of the new Council of State at Delhi, is regarded as a remarkable step in India's progress toward self-government.

Commissions in the new force will be open to Indian as well as British boys.

The Royal Indian Navy, the name of which is a revival of that given to the Bombay Marine from 1830 to 1863, will supersede the Royal Indian Marine. It will be a sea-going force, and its peace functions will be the training of personnel for service in the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, port defence, survey work, and marine transport.

Its annual cost is estimated at £475,000 and it is to consist at first of four sloops, two patrol craft vessels, four trawlers, two survey ships, and one depot ship.

### SOUTH AFRICA AND THE INDIANS

### An Empire Problem

There were Indian settlers and planters in South Africa before Englishmen thought of making the land their own, yet the Nationalist Government of the South African Union is setting out to drive the Indians back to India.

It is a grave question for the Empire. The matter has been up at several Imperial Conferences, where an understanding was reached that if India would agree that no more Indians should go to South Africa those already there should be allowed to stay. Yet already a law has been passed by which in the end no Indian will be able to vote for town councillors in Natal; now a Bill is being pressed forward fixing them down to particular districts, and it is intended to take away their Parliamentary vote. Towns in the Transvaal are refusing to renew their trading licences.

Happily there is growing uneasiness in South Africa about the wisdom and justice of such action, and it is possible that the Bill may not go through.

## A GREAT LADY WHO GOES ON TALKING

It is exactly 300 years since Madame de Sévigné was born in Paris; and it is exactly 200 years since her immortal letters were first published.

Of all the French classics the letters of Madame de Sévigné have retained the greatest freshness, surely because Madame de Sévigné paints life according to Nature, and Nature does not change.

Madame de Sévigné was the charming patron of chroniclers. From the day she began to write her letters were handed from one friend to another. They were copied or collected; she had her public, a public not composed of a hundred thousand daily readers, but of fifty or a hundred people, rich, noble, distinguished, cultured, and idle. What did she write about? The chronicles of the Court, the chronicles of the town, the chronicles of the country, of watering-places, of the fashions, even of personal confidences, the sort of chronicles that are still being written and always will be. Quotations were made from them, and people asked one another "Have you read the latest by Madame de Sévigné?" as we ask today "Have you read the article by So-and-So?"

### Fine Voice for Writing

Her imagination was not creative, it was an imagination painting the things she saw with power and penetration, and finding the design, the colours, the shades and reflections by which they are introduced to our eyes and minds, things most people had seen already, but that were pale, colourless, and grey before she revealed them.

Hers was the gift of movement. Her letters flow, her descriptions march, her narratives race. "No one has ever given less of the impression of somebody who is writing while sitting down," said an author of her day. She is of the small number of those most original, most spontaneous, most personal writers France has ever had. Her style is exactly the same on her paper as on her lips, and, whether touched by peals of laughter or by cries of pain, it sounds rich and rushing to the ears.

She used to like quoting the witty saying "He has a fine voice for writing." She herself had a delicious voice for writing. Not only does she converse with you, she gives you the feeling that you are conversing with her. We may think of her as a great lady who goes on talking to us after all these years.

### TWO WONDERFUL CABLES

### One 1800 Miles Long

Two new electrical cables have caused great interest in the engineering world.

One between Chicago and New York, 861 miles long, has just been completed at the cost of five million pounds. Its value will be understood when it is known that five hundred telegraph messages and 250 telephone messages can be transmitted through it at the same time.

The other cable is one now being carried to sea by the world's largest cable ship, the *Calonia*. This cable is 1800 miles long, and is to be laid between Cocos, in the Indian Ocean, and Fremantle, Australia. Wound round its core is a new metal capable of carrying an additional current and making it possible for telegrams to be sent at a speed of 2100 letters a minute instead of only 145 letters a minute as at present.

The progress made by telegraph and telephone engineers during the last two or three years is quite equal to the better-known progress in wireless.

## THE BIRD THAT NEVER WAS

### AND THE ANIMAL THAT IS An Ancient Native Disturbs a Great City

### THE WOMBAT IN THE WATERWORKS

When we read a recent cablegram from Australia telling us that a wombat had caused a landslide over an area of 2000 cubic yards, so blocking the flow of 20 million gallons of water—one quarter of the daily supply of the great city of Melbourne—we may be pardoned if we ask "What's a wombat?"

For the very mention of that name stirs memories of one of the greatest impostures of modern times. In 1898 there appeared in England a Swiss named Henri Louis Grin, who called himself Louis de Rougemont, and told the most marvellous stories of travel and adventure ever heard since the laughable nonsensical tales attributed to Munchausen were written.

### Scientists Take Fright

He really had travelled extensively in Australia, but his stories contained such unpardonable nonsense and untruths added to scientific fact that commonsense was at last outraged, and he was so mercilessly exposed that even the truths of his narrative were swamped in the storm of ridicule.

In the meantime he had twice addressed that supreme court of science, the British Association, and well and truly humbugged its members with his impossible romances, even going to the length of staining his skin with walnut juice as evidence of the tanning effect of the tropical sun to which he was exposed naked, he said, for 28 years.

Now, among the wonders he described was a terrific bird which he called a wombat! Men of science who knew Australia at last took fright at this extraordinary story, and thinking of the wombat said, as the poet sang in another sense, "Bird thou never wert!"

### What the Wombat is Like

From thinking they passed to investigation, to the utter overthrow of the man who had gulled the world. For it was found that though he really had had adventures in Australia, he was quite well known there and had been acting as a photographer's canvasser for years while he was supposed to have been roughing it among cannibals and flying wombats. He died not long ago, sad and feeling that the world had used him very ill.

His "bird" is in reality a large animal, three feet long in some species; heavy, clumsy, powerful, mounted on short, thick legs, with bear-like hind paws and ideally fashioned for burrowing. Like kangaroos, wombats carry their young in pouches.

### Huge Burrowing Rodent

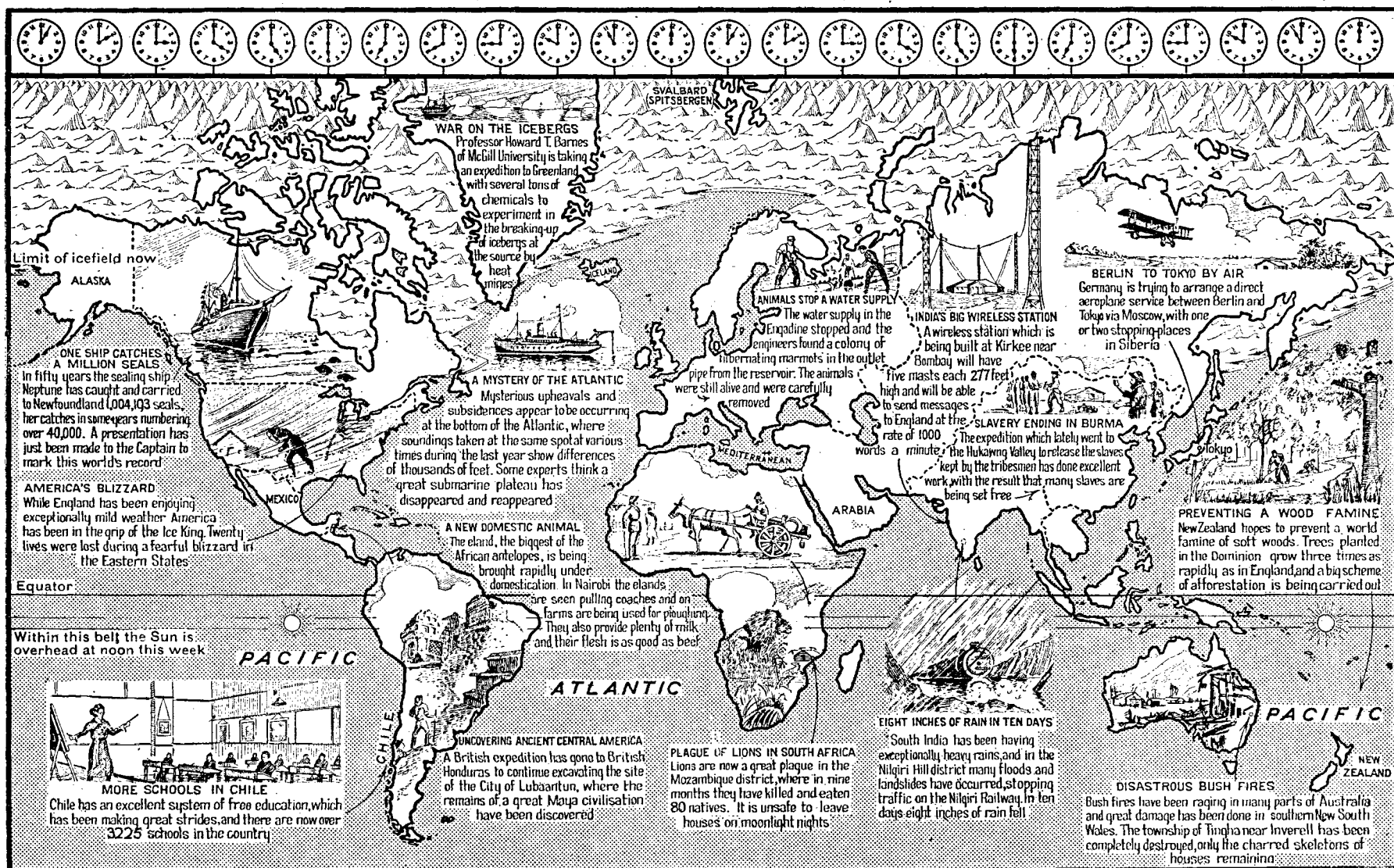
They are generally said to be Australian representatives of the bear tribe, and they do present corresponding features; but the koala is Australia's nearest approach to a bear.

The wombat seems to be Nature's Australian attempt at a huge burrowing rodent, for its teeth clearly show a parallel to those of the gnawing animals of the Old World. It feeds on roots and fibres, its home is in the earth, and it was in extending its subterranean city that the enemy of Melbourne upset the foundations of that city's water supply.

We have wombats at the Zoo, but we never heard of De Rougemont studying them there. They were the rock, so to speak, on which his credit foundered.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## NO RAIN FOR FOUR YEARS

## A Little Place so Far Away

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of long-range weather forecasts, especially to agriculture, industry, and the navigation of the sea and air.

To secure such forecasts accurate observation of the daily fluctuations of the Sun's light and heat is essential; and such observation needs a cloudless sky and air that is pure and rare and dry for long periods.

Two stations where such ideal conditions prevail are maintained by the Smithsonian Institution, one at Mount Montezuma on the western slope of the Andes in Chile, another on Table Mountain in South California.

A third station is now being sought in the East. Dr. C. G. Abbot, who is now in Baluchistan, learned of a site in the Sahara, a mountain about 200 miles from Luxor and 7000 feet high, where no rain has fallen for four years. But as all supplies would have to go there on caterpillar tractors for a hundred miles over the desert the idea of using it has had to be abandoned.

## THE CROSS-WORD MAN AT LUNCH

## Out-Staying His Welcome

According to a recent letter from Vienna the craze for cross-word problems has taken a furious hold on the inhabitants of the Austrian capital.

Restaurant keepers and waiters have become alarmed, and have joined together to obliterate with red and black ink the problems appearing in the periodicals provided for their customers. The reason for this drastic measure is the diminished profits resulting from the interminable stay of the cross-word enthusiast. Hitherto for a few pence he could order a cup of coffee, seat himself comfortably at a table, and remain undisturbed for two hours.

## PRIME MINISTERS AND SHOP GIRLS

By One of Them

The Prime Minister has been speaking, with Mrs. Snowden, in support of the Y.M.C.A. movement for a club for shop girls, and this is from his speech.

Few of you have ever been shop girls or Prime Ministers, but the life of a shop girl and that of a Prime Minister is very similar.

All day long from morning till night a Prime Minister is at the beck and call of people, and most of them want something. The shop girl is the same. She has to keep smiling, and so do I. The only difference is that she has to give people what they want. I have to say they can't have it.

She works long hours and so do I. My working hours are generally from ten in the morning till midnight. I have a habit of getting away if I can each day between one o'clock and 2.30 to my club. I want a little quiet rest time for reflection between the busy and harassing morning and the nine hours that follow, and there is no place where you can get that as well as if you disappear into your club—first choosing your club. What I find helpful in my busy life must be even more helpful to busy girls who in many ways have less agreeable surroundings.

## AMERICA'S SECRET

## Compelled to be Prosperous

People have been discussing the secret of America's prosperity. Here are some figures, given by The Economist, which may have something to do with it.

America has rather large natural resources, and in 1923 or 1924 she produced 25 per cent of the world's wheat supply, 43 per cent of its coal, 53 per cent of its steel, the same percentage of its copper, 58 per cent of its cotton, and 73 per cent of its petroleum.

It would be rather difficult for America not to be prosperous.

## THE CLIMBER AND HIS WIRE

## New Way of Measuring a Mountain

A new way of measuring the height of a mountain has been discovered by three French physicists, and it is said to be eight times as sensitive as a barometer.

A wire of very great resistance is heated by passing an electric current through it, and after a perfectly steady temperature has been arrived at it will, if moved upwards, become cooler, owing to the lesser density of the surrounding air. As the instrument is taken up a great height the drop in the temperature of the wire gives a marvellously accurate measure of the height.

## SOMETHING WRONG

## Roads That Only Last a Year

Something must be wrong with our modern methods of road-making to judge from the rapidity with which our new roads need repairing.

Cornhill, one of the busiest London streets, was laid in 1889, but the roadway lasted till a few months ago. Yet the new Watling Street from Dartford to Strood, opened only a year or two ago, is being done again; and the Sidcup-Wrotham road had to be repaired a year after its opening!

## A CHILD OF MAURITIUS "God Took Her Away"

"At the request of his Indian brethren," an Indian gentleman writes from Mauritius to announce the death of "Ahmed bibi Mahomed Khan, aged 16, a lovely and promising girl, the first Indian girl in Mauritius who had attained to a high degree of learning. She passed away on the morning of November 4, 1925. God, having fallen short of an angel, took her away."

Her father is interpreter in the chief Court of Justice in Mauritius.

## CINDERELLA LOSES HER GLASS SLIPPER

## And Perhaps Beyond Recovery

We deeply regret to announce that Cinderella has lost her glass slipper.

It was not at the ball. It was in the pages of an antiquary's book. This is very serious, and we wish another antiquary would contradict the first, and bring back the crystal shoe as the prince did.

It seems that the story of Cinderella came from France, and that in olden times rich folk had their slippers trimmed with fur, so that the French tale gave our favourite heroine *pantoufles en vair*. The translator did not realise that *vair* meant fur, but thought it was a different way of spelling *verre*, which, of course, means glass. The blunder has never been corrected till this day.

We do not know whether anyone will publish a revised version of the famous tale, but if this is done we imagine that the illustrator's task will be difficult. If he is not careful he will give the impression of an absent-minded young lady who has gone to a party in her bedroom slippers.

## CAPE TO CAIRO BY CAR

## All-British Feat on All-British Route

A wonderful journey from the Cape to Cairo in Crossley motor-cars has just been made by a small party, including Major and Mrs. Court-Treath.

The party left London on August 28, 1924, left Cape Town on September 23, reached Johannesburg on October 12, Nairobi on September 30, 1925, Assuan on January 5, and Cairo on January 24.

Every item of the equipment was British, and at no time did the mechanism fail.

There were many adventures by the way, and for months at a time the travellers had to depend on the rifle for their food supply.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 27 1926

## The Miner Who Cannot Cry Out

As we sit watching the flicker of firelight we sometimes think of the miner who hews the coal for our hearth in darkness and danger. But there is someone else who does his share to make our fireside warm, and who has been forgotten too long. We mean the pit pony.

Mr. John Galsworthy once said that the worst service a man could do animals was to write with too much sentiment of their sufferings, and so disgust hard-headed people. We will take our facts, therefore, from a pit-pony-driver himself. Our witness shall be a man who has "three generations of coal dust" in his blood, and was a miner before he became a member of the House of Commons, where he sits now for Lanark.

The doomed pony begins his life in the meadows, a joyous part of Nature, but before he is much older he is led away from the green earth, the sunlight, and the fresh air to the everlasting pit. If anyone doubts that space and freedom mean much to a horse let him see a fine creature which has been kept in light, airy stables turned out to grass. It will gallop round and round the field in sheer delight.

There is something to make us think in the fact that inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. are not allowed down the mines. Both mine-owners and pony drivers appear to have uneasy consciences, as some of them well may, for it is said ponies are often ill-used to extract the last ounce of despairing energy from the little creatures straining away in the dark.

It is good to record that all drivers are not brutal, and that the father of the M.P. for Lanark never lashed a pony. He only once fought with a man, and this was because the man had kicked a poor, weary beast. But Mr. Dickson confesses that he cannot make the same boast himself, and that not many men are as merciful as his father.

A petition has been presented to the Coal Commission asking for the use of machinery instead of ponies in the mines. No doubt reasons will be found for going on in the old cruel way, but once upon a time excuses were put forward for employing women and children to haul the trucks, crawling down the low tunnels on all fours. Excuses will be found for anything. It is time we refused to listen to any excuse for employing the poor pit pony.

A great number of famous men have signed this humane petition, and we hope the Coal Commissioners will hearken to them. In doing justice to the miner who cries out for it let us do justice to this poor dumb miner who cannot cry out.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Long Time Ago

SOME things can hardly be believed. Here is one of them.  
*A friend of ours met the other day a man whose father was born in 1798.*

## The Cry to Save Du Guesclin

MANY Frenchmen think that the French peasants, who so much dislike taxation and avoid it so successfully, would readily give from their savings if they understood that it was needed to save their country from ruin. The cry to save Du Guesclin must come again, they say. What was the cry to save Du Guesclin?

It was in the time of Charles the Fifth of France, in the fourteenth century, when the English were being driven out of the provinces inherited from their Norman kings. Du Guesclin was his great general. He saved Normandy for his country, and may be called one of the founders of the French nation.

At least four times Du Guesclin was taken prisoner and held to ransom. Every time the ransom was paid, the whole people rallying to the rescue of their hero. Whenever word went round that money was needed to save Du Guesclin subscriptions came in from far and wide, from baron and peasant alike.

It is believed that when the people of France realise that it is as important today to save the franc as it was 600 years ago to save Du Guesclin they will show the same self-sacrifice.

## A Verb for All the World

AN M.P. is out of love with the verb to love. Sir Walter de Frece thinks it is a pity that foreign grammar books always give a foremost place to the verb

*I love, thou lovest, he loves.*  
He would much prefer the choice of some such verb as

*I get a move on, thou gettest a move on, he gets a move on.*

This sounds very modern and sensible, but after thinking it over we feel inclined to ask whether anything but love ever does get a move on. For instance, the Coal Commission cannot get a move on unless miners and mine-owners learn to love each other a little more and treat each other as friends instead of enemies.

We must all either love or be selfish, and who wants to be selfish? Has selfishness ever done anything but raise the cost of living and increase the sale of bayonets?

On the other hand, all the great and lasting things in the world have been achieved by self-sacrificing love.

Surely it is time we recognised selfishness for the miserable thing it is, and acknowledged that it is love that makes the world go round.

## Captive and Dumb

Two nightingales in a cage at the Crystal Palace annoyed the visitors to a bird show by refusing to sing.

Our only annoyance is that the visitors refused to weep.

If a robin redbreast in a cage puts all heaven in a rage, as William Blake said long ago, a nightingale in a cage is surely enough to flood the Crystal Palace in tears.

## Tip-Cat

NOBODY ought to keep a car simply for pleasure. Unless, of course, it won't work.

A PUBLIC man says he hates reading the newspapers. There is not enough in them about himself.

THERE is no such thing, says a scientist, as a perfect vacuum. The best one is only a hollow sham.

PARIS shopkeepers have shut up their shops for an hour to protest against taxes.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
If rubber tires on a long journey

"A capital idea," said the Mad Hatter when we told him.

AUSTRALIA is the poor man's paradise. But in this country he is too poor to go to it.

JOHN CART has gone to prison for cruelty to his horse. If a horse and cart cannot be friends how can we expect a League of Nations?

CRAMMING education down a child's throat, we are told, teaches it nothing. Not even when it is done with alphabetical biscuits.

MUSSOLINI, says our Fascist, is just the sort of man a country needs. Just the sort for the country which needs that sort.

## Four Farthings

PETER PUCK wants to know  
What's the worth of a penny.  
"It is nothing at all,"

Says the man who has many.

YET it buys you a toy,  
Or a beggarman's blessing,  
Or a bunch of spring flowers  
That are sweet beyond guessing,  
Or a thought, or a song  
(For a paper's a penny).  
Well, if better things be,  
I have never seen any.

## A Prayer from the 13th Century

Jesu! Prince and dear unseen companion,  
Perfect love, so near to me,  
Grant me courage to endure,  
Keep me loyal, keep me pure.  
Thy Knight Templar aye to be.  
Jesu!

## A Talk About Sir Francis

By Our Country Girl

THE car drew up in a small Devonshire town. Out got the driver, a small person with short, curly hair who looked as if she might still be young enough to play with dolls. A man began to struggle with his rugs.

"Sit still, Daddy," said the Driver. "I can ask the way by myself, you know."

"But two people can sometimes remember between them..." suggested Daddy, timidly.

"I'll come with Jo," said another daughter, leaping out.

Daddy was left thanking heaven that this tour was taking place in 1926. Two generations ago he would have been driving a pair of horses and making all the arrangements. Now he only had to do what his daughters told him. He was not quite sure whether he liked being treated like an old gentleman who must not get his feet wet: on the other hand, it was comfortable in the car, and a lively wind played with his daughters' skirts and curls.

## A Vigorous Defence

Meanwhile the girls had asked their way of a policeman who was stationed under a statue of Francis Drake. They had got the information they wanted when the Driver glanced up and said to her sister:

"Doesn't Sir Francis look topping?"  
"Ah!" said the policeman with great emphasis; "that man was nothing but a pirate."

"He was the greatest Englishman who ever lived!" cried the Driver, her cheeks aglow with anger. "He was absolutely fearless. Fancy setting sail to discover the end of the world when you believed that you might fall over it into nothingness! He never cared for money. He gave his own prize money to make a water supply for Plymouth. He had a sense of duty so high that it made him kill a friend whom he thought a traitor—yes, though it broke his heart."

## The Policeman's Story

When Jo was out of breath the policeman said: "Well, now I'll tell you something about him. The people hereabouts say that at midnight the statue throws that model of the Earth up into the air, catches it, and puts it down again like you see it now. Perhaps you won't believe it, but I tell you that I'm on duty here at midnight, and every time Sir Francis hears the clock strike twelve he throws up the globe and catches it. There, now! It's as true as I stand here."

Jo got back into the car still looking scornful. "That owl of a policeman," she told her father, "thought I'd be silly enough to believe he's seen Sir Francis move at midnight."

"Oh, no," said her sister; "he never said that. He never said anything impossible."

Jo thought for a while, and imperilled the lives of sundry dogs and hens. Then she said: *O, I see!*



## A TICKET FOR ROUND THE WORLD

220 HOURS OF FLYING

The Remarkable Journey that will Soon be Possible

### WONDERFUL PROGRESS

Very much sooner now than many of us think, we shall be able to go to the booking-office of the Charing Cross of the air at Croydon and say to the clerk: "A flying ticket round the world, please."

Two pieces of news have just reached London which bring nearer than before the era of globe-girdling journeys by air.

One concerns the vast new airship, the largest of its kind ever contemplated, which is about to be built for the American Government. This leviathan, containing six and a half million cubic feet of gas, is to be driven by eight engines at a high speed even when carrying a hundred passengers, and it has just been decided to employ it in a series of experimental commercial flights between New York and London.

### From London to Tokyo

That is one new and vital fact from the view-point of a world air-chain. The other, which has just been communicated to London from northern Europe, is that a complete scheme has now been drafted for a trunk airway, more than 5000 miles long, extending from Moscow, via Vladivostok, as far as Tokyo. At Moscow this great route is to connect with a service of metal aeroplanes which already flies via Königsberg to Berlin; while at Berlin a stretch of German-operated airway extends to Amsterdam, where it establishes a daily connection with our British Imperial Airways service flying regularly to and from London.

What this Moscow-Tokyo line will mean, therefore, as soon as it begins operating, is that a traveller will be able to ascend from London and fly eastward as far as Japan. Already a provisional time-table has been worked out for this great section of the Round-the-World Airway measuring nearly 7000 miles; and, reckoning only actual flying time, a passenger will be able to travel in about 80 hours from London to Tokyo!

### Over the Pacific

Nor is this all. Far from it. Already planned is a service of multi-engined air-boats which are to span the Pacific between Tokyo and San Francisco. These machines, flying at high speed, will have their time-tables so arranged as to connect accurately at Tokyo with the winged craft which have borne passengers from London. This will mean that, in only about 50 hours after reaching Tokyo world-voyagers will have reached San Francisco.

Here their rush will be continued at unabated speed. Awaiting them at the San Francisco air-port will be a new and luxurious type of passenger land-plane which is now being developed for the United States Continental Airways. In one of these immense machines our travellers of the new era will be carried across America at such a pace that within 30 hours of leaving San Francisco they will be gliding down into New York.

### Sixty Hours in an Airship

Here, moored to a tall steel tower, ready for their arrival, will be one of the colossal ocean-type airships, veritable liners of the sky. Ascending the mooring tower in an electric lift, the travellers will enter the airship through a covered-in vestibule, and the monster will then cast off and head out across the Atlantic for Europe, maintaining such a speed that within not more than about 60 hours of leaving New York she will be over London. Then she will be moored to another great tower, 200 feet high.

Without reckoning time spent at stopping-places they will have girdled the globe by air in a total flying time of not more than about 220 hours!

## THE FLOWER SHIP OF THE SCILLY ISLES

THE flower-growers and farmers of the Scilly Isles have shown the way to prosperity to all grumblers at hard times. They have helped themselves.

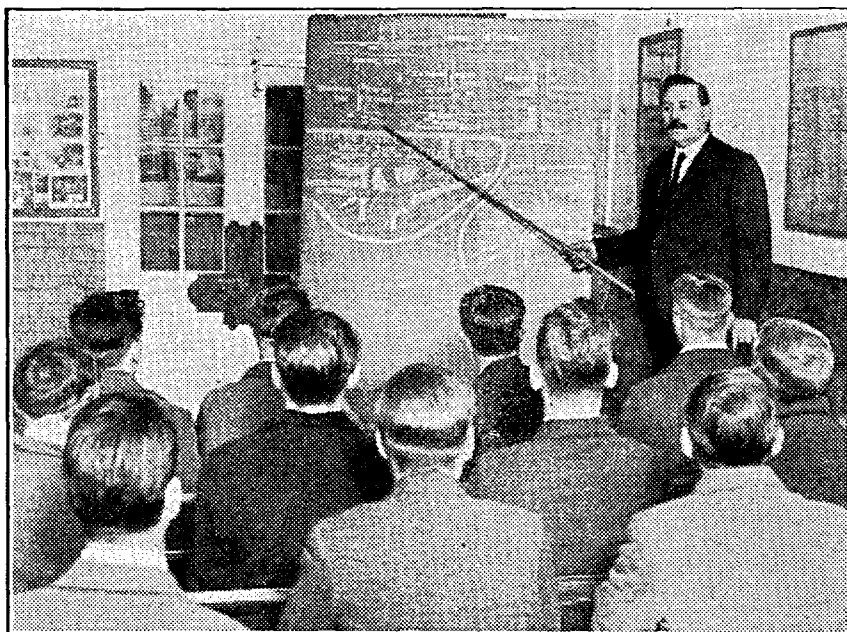
Shut off from their markets by sundering seas which are often too rough for the ordinary mail and passenger packets, they have set up a ship of their own which can dare the passage to the mainland and will suit their business better than the ordinary coasting service. It does one good in these days to hear of such a spirit.

The trade of the Scilly Isles is in that kind of produce that reaches the florist and the greengrocer. After it is ready the sooner it is in Covent Garden

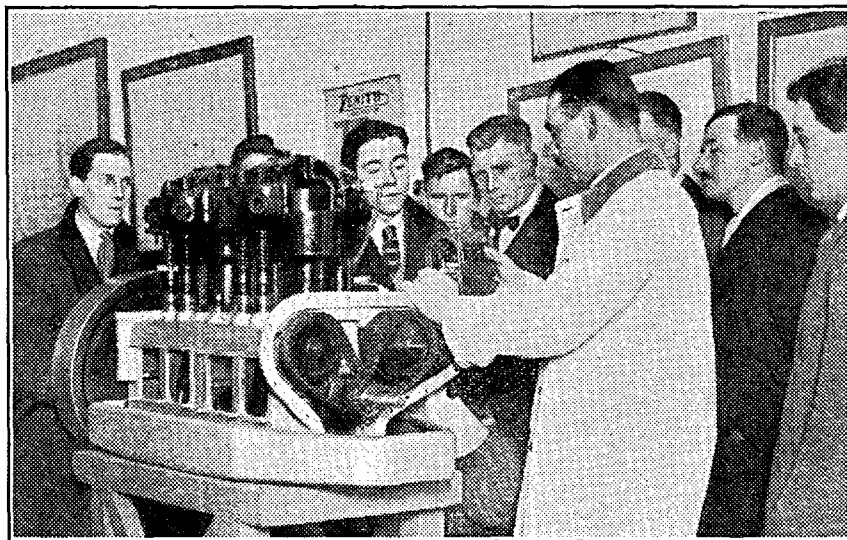
Market the better. These energetic islanders, after the war, grappled boldly with the difficulty of transit to the rail-head at Penzance by uniting to buy for their own business a fishery cruiser accustomed to keep to the sea in almost any weather. So well has this step succeeded in keeping in steady touch with the market that now a brand new vessel, the Scillonian, belonging to the Isles, has begun to make the often stormy run to Penzance.

The Scillonian is a happy addition to our rough island story. It shows the true way of mastering difficulties instead of waiting on them. There is a call for Covent Garden to salute the Scilly Isles.

## MOTOR-BUS DRIVERS GO TO SCHOOL



A class of drivers is taught the courtesy of the road



A party being instructed in timing the magneto

The driver of a motor-bus has a great deal of technical knowledge to acquire before he can become efficient and obtain his licence. Not only must he understand his engine, but he has to learn the law and courtesy of the road, and for this purpose the London General Omnibus Company conducts a school for drivers, as shown here

## A HUNDRED YEARS OF LIFE

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made. Wordsworth

ALL C.N. readers know something of the wonderful and beautiful lady who lived for a hundred years and died not long ago, Mary Elizabeth Haldane. There have been few clearer minds than hers after a hundred years of life, and few more beautiful at any age, and the little book edited by her daughter is one of those small volumes that make us feel how gracious a thing life is.

The Archbishop of York has said of Mrs. Haldane that "when we were admitted to her chamber of peace, and heard her deep, musical voice, and watched the play of expression in her clear, calm eyes, we knew that we were in the presence of a spirit singularly noble, pure, and strong. We felt that she

was living in the sphere of the Eternal." It was true; Mrs. Haldane felt as someone else once felt—she knew that she was growing old not so much by the increasing weakness of the body as by the increasing vitality of the soul. The picture the Archbishop of York likes to remember of her is that of a day when she stood under the light of a candle, falling on her beautiful face, saying: "Some bodily powers are going, but I begin to feel moving within me in a way that I sometimes cannot understand the powers of the world to come."

To all who would know what a hundred years of life can be, how gracious and divine a thing a woman can be made, we commend this little book (Mary Elizabeth Haldane, published by Hodder & Stoughton). It is verily a little book of life.

## AN IDEA KILLED BY WANT OF FAITH

THE SHIP THAT SAILED AND FAILED

Sad Story of an Invention that Nobody Wanted

### COMING AND GOING OF THE ROTOR

Does the world change very much? Certainly it changes slowly, and even yet, in this Age of Wonder, many men have little faith in new things. It seems as if one of the newest and most promising ideas is doomed for lack of faith.

After a career in which the rotor-ship won its way, through doubt to wonderment and a world-wide celebrity this curious wind-driven vessel has fallen into the scrap-heap of inventions which cannot be made to pay.

It was described and pictured in the C.N. on its first appearance, an odd-looking affair because of its two tall masts, which were neither masts nor funnels but hollow cylinders of steel spun round by small motors. Neither the motors nor the cylinders moved the vessel. Its movement was brought about by the oldest agency that ever did move ships—the wind—and the strange cylinders were nothing but a scientific kind of sail.

### An Old Experiment Looked Up

Many years before an old German professor of mechanics experimenting in his laboratory had found that when a current of air was directed against such revolving cylinders—though he used only small ones—there was a partial vacuum set up on the farther side of the cylinders, so that if they were free to move they would be sucked along. Yachtsmen know of this force of suction in the fore-sails of yachts.

Another German inventor, Herr Anton Flettner, looked up the old professor's half-forgotten experiments and wondered if they could be applied to ships and if the cylinders could be substituted for sails. He worked it all out, and that is how the rotor-ship came about. The revolving cylinders were found to do all that was predicted of them. They served to draw the ship along.

### Why the Rotor-Ship Failed

But neither wind nor cylinders could waft the rotor-ship to prosperity. It failed because not enough cargoes could be found to make its voyages pay. The company has failed. *Nobody wants the rotor-ship.* People have no faith in it. They are not sure of it.

But is the invention a failure? That is a matter on which we should be very slow to give an opinion. How many inventions in the past have had to battle their way through the disbelief of business men in their capacity to pay? There was the railway locomotive, for example. Half the shrewd business people of England scoffed at it as an ignorant working-man's idea. There was Cartwright's power loom for weaving—another new-fangled thing which eventually made fortunes for those who mocked at it and thought Parson Cartwright a crank.

### What May Happen in 1976

In our time Professor Langley, who invented the first flying machine, was thought to be a good subject for endless jokes in the American newspapers, and even Marconi was not at first welcomed with open arms, while poor David Hughes, who made the first wireless transmitter, was plainly told by the Royal Society that he did not know what he was about.

So perhaps the rotor-driven ship, which in its cylinders embodies a most important and valuable scientific discovery, may some day come to its own again; and perhaps in 1976, when we are gone, somebody may be writing in the C.N. of that wondrous rotor-ship which was mocked out of existence by the doubters and scoffers of 1926.



## THE ENGINES OF AEOLUS

AIR-RUSH 1000 MILES WIDE

Man's Triumphant Contest With the Elements

### THE STORM WHICH SANK THE ANTINOE

Thousands of us listened-in the other day to the speeches being made on board the American liner President Roosevelt.

She lay for a few hours in Southampton harbour on her way home from Bremen to New York, and the occasion was seized to present gold medals to Captain Fried and his gallant crew in recognition of their magnificent rescue of the crew of the sinking Antinoe.

There were gales raging far out at sea while the ceremony proceeded, but the voices came through the air unmarred; and as one listened one could not but find in that faultless transmission a sort of parallel to Man's triumphant contest with the elements. We have our losses, bitter and grievous to the heart, but the successful voyages through storm and tempest number thousands yearly; the wrecks, though all intolerable, are few.

#### The Roaring Forties

Here, though the Antinoe was betrayed to doom by the shifting of her cargo, was the President Roosevelt, which had lived, structurally unscathed, through the heart-shaking gale; she had conquered that deadly giant cradle of storms the terrible Roaring Forties.

Now Sir Napier Shaw, the great meteorologist, is able to tell us that this storm, which cost us the Antinoe, was the product of a vast cyclonic system 2000 miles across. It created a tumultuous air-current 1000 miles wide, and to make the depression which caused the wreck two million million tons of air were removed from the area. Who can grasp the immensity of such a scheme of natural engineering when air so light, can weigh so much.

#### The Mystery of the Monsoon

The old Greeks worshipped the winds, attributing them to Aeolus, god of storms and of the Aeolian harp. Who forgets the story of Aeolus confining in a bag all the winds which would blow against the ship of Ulysses, and of the crew's untying the bag and liberating the winds and so bringing disaster?

The modern mariner does not call the winds a god whom he must worship, but manfully battles with them, sturdily steaming in their despite when they oppose, and adding their speed to his own when he mounts the air and flies.

The modern mind is more apt, ignoring the riotous Aeolus, to canonise the Greek Hippalus, who, a century before Jesus, solved the mystery of the monsoon winds of the Indian Ocean and opened a sea-path to India which was to be forgotten for 1600 years.

#### The Secret of the Trade Winds

And in the same rank may be placed the brave old Basque Andres de Urdaneta, who, after Magellan had found the way out across the Pacific, divined the secret of the trade winds and revealed the way in which ships could get back. Urdaneta was a veteran of 67 when he mastered the winds, seized their mystery, and so set in motion an overseas commercial traffic which has never since ceased.

Aeolus still has his victories, but the triumph of Man over forces too huge for comprehension is very wonderful. With occasional lapses he does ride the storm and curb the whirlwind, and, let the tempest rage as it may, he sends the modest story of his triumph sounding through the ether.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Experts have advised boring for oil in the South-West Africa Protectorate.

A stained-glass window in the new cathedral of New York is to be dedicated to sport.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, octogenarians of Hull, have died within a few hours of each other.

#### Rain

Rain fell in London lately on twenty-three days in succession.

#### A Bullock's Tough Meal

In the stomach of a bullock killed at Blackburn two golf balls were found.

#### Copying the C.N.

New York is to have a daily paper which will publish no news of crime.

#### 199 Descendants

A Cumberland widow, who died at 94, left 199 descendants.

#### Church for Children Only

A church for children only has just been started in Brighton. A boy of 11 is organist.

#### Where the Fine Came From

A motorist fined at Southampton was allowed time to pay until he had received his unemployment pay.

#### Profit on Sugar Beet

Kidderminster Council made a profit of £100 on nearly eight acres of sugar beet. Forty acres are now to be cultivated.

#### Flies Stop a Clock

Flies in the case were found to be the reason that the clock on St. Stephen's Church, Tonbridge, stopped the other day.

#### Wealth Among Ashes

A safe with £600 in it, stolen from a Bootle office, has been recovered, with the money, from among some dustbins.

#### Fifty Miles of Fire

A huge bush fire near Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, has been raging on a front fifty miles long, and has done enormous damage.

#### Seagulls Fight for a Codfish

After two seagulls had fought for a codfish the fish fell into the water and dock workmen caught and made a meal of it.

#### A Silly Man and His Watch

A silly man in Paris swallowed a watch, declaring that he would draw it back by the chain. Unhappily for him the chain broke.

#### Wreck Upon Wreck

During a fog in the mouth of the Thames two steamers collided and the wreck of one of them was afterwards run into by three more vessels.

#### Trams for Women

Special cars reserved for women are to be provided on tram-routes in Manchester, where there are rushes before and after football matches.

#### Fox in a Cottage

A poor hunted fox which took refuge in a cottage near Aylesbury refused to move, and was carried out by the huntsmen.

#### What It is Coming To

As a protest against girls making up their faces in classrooms some men students at a California University shaved during a lecture.

#### Millions for Cruelty

A Member of Parliament has been protesting against England's wasteful expenditure on fox-hunting, which he says costs ten million pounds a year.

#### Lifeboatmen at a Fire

The clanging of a fire bell at Kingsdown, Kent, the other night was mistaken for the lifeboat bell, and the lifeboatmen turned out.

#### Sloane Square

The Westminster Coroner remarked the other day that Sloane Square was one of the most dangerous crossings in London and a standing reproach to the Chelsea Borough Council.

#### The Sickle in the Elm

Splitting open an elm at Wolverton the other day the workmen found a sickle embedded in the trunk; the tree's rings showed that it had been there for seventy years.

## DUNCAN SOUTER'S GOLD MEDAL

HOW HE WON IT

A Brave Scene on a Stormy Sea

HERO OF GRIMSBY

A Grimsby seaman called Duncan L. Souter has received a great prize. The Royal Humane Society have awarded him the Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of last year.

The storms of this spring have sown a whole crop of heroic actions which we have read of with infinite pride. It is good to look back and know how deathless human courage is.

One day last May the Honoria, a Grimsby trawler, was steaming along about 90 miles off the coast of Iceland. There was what sailors call half a gale blowing and heavy cross-seas running; altogether very nasty weather. Suddenly a shout went up. The mate, John M. Lee, had been caught in a wave and washed overboard.

#### Struggling Against the Waves

Already the Honoria had left him far astern. The crew could see him battling with the heavy seas, struggling along inch by inch in their wake. They threw one lifebuoy and then another, for it was impossible to launch a boat.

The unfortunate man saw the buoys and struggled to reach them. They saw him weakening. They saw him cease to struggle to swim on to the buoys.

Then it was that Duncan Souter's great hour came. He kicked off his heavy boots and plunged overboard, reached one of the lifebuoys, and swam on with it. Those who were watching saw the mate lying face downwards, and the other, now up, now down, on the huge waves, struggling toward him. It seemed that one or the other must sink soon.

Like wisps in the heavy seas the two men slowly neared each other, the mate succeeding in keeping afloat, the other pressing on.

In the meantime the Honoria was manoeuvring to save her men. The captain knew the chances were slight. All his seamanship was needed to get the trawler into such a position that a line could be thrown.

#### The Last Chance

A shout went up as it was seen that Souter had reached the mate and was supporting him. The captain seized his moment and ordered the line to be flung. The minute it left the hand the Honoria was bearing away under the cross-seas and wind again, and her master knew it would be impossible to get her into position to throw another. It was death for both men if the line failed.

Another shout went up. Souter had caught the line. He secured it to himself and his companion and both men were dragged on board. By that time the mate was unconscious, and Souter himself fainted as soon as he felt the good deck under him. Willing hands tended the two, and the trawler ploughed her way on in the cruel sea that had just been robbed of a double prey.

## THE DEEPEST HOLE IN THE WORLD

A Mile and a Half Down

The deepest hole ever drilled has just been completed at Los Angeles, at an oil well belonging to the Milroy Oil Company.

It is nearly a mile and a half deep, and slightly conical in shape, just under five inches in diameter at the bottom, and just under 16 inches at the surface. It cost thirty thousand pounds to sink the pipe, through which 150 barrels of oil a day are now gushing to the surface.

## THE DANGER OF WILD TALK

HOTHEADS IN POLITICS

The Atmosphere in Which Wars are Made Easy

PLAYING WITH PASSION

By Our Political Correspondent

The turmoil raised in Italy and in Germany by the exaggerations of the German Press with regard to Southern Tirol, followed by wild interference from the Bavarian Premier and a hot-headed outburst by Signor Mussolini, illustrates how sadly easy it is to excite a passionate violence in nations without any serious cause.

Here are the facts. When the War ended Italy secured small parts of Southern Tirol peopled almost entirely by loyal Austrians and scarcely at all by Italians. The very valley sacred to the memory of the Tirolese patriot Hofer was thus wrongly taken.

#### The Iron Hand

The Italians took these Austrian valleys because by doing so they secured a better defensive frontier to the north; they made the topmost mountain ridge their boundary, irrespective of who lived to the south of it. Now they are treating these valleys as part of Italy, and, as the C.N. has often pointed out, are ruling with rather an iron hand.

About what has been done Austria says little, for there is little to be said that will do any good. But the German Press has been circulating exaggerations respecting the treatment of the Austrian people in these valleys, and the Bavarian Premier, who has nothing to do with the matter, for he represents neither Austria nor Germany but only one German State, adopted some sensational falsehoods as truths and launched a fierce attack on Italy.

At once Mussolini took up the challenge, and met, not Bavaria, but Germany more than half way with defiance, warning her that if she was not careful Italy would be over the mountain tops to her. Fortunately the German Government, which was not responsible in any way, met the situation with dignity and straightforwardness and good sense.

#### The Curse of Europe

So we were in the atmosphere that leads to war, entirely without any real cause. The whole incident is quite plainly due to provocation by the military-mad section of the German Press, so long and terribly the curse of Europe, followed by hot-tempered retorts, backwards and forwards, by men who are in the position of governing nations. It reminds us of the foolish way in which the Kaiser used to talk.

That is how war has been brewed many a time before now. Happily we have, in the League of Nations, an institution where the voice of reason can be heard, and time can be gained for the world to see who is right and who is wrong, who is wise and who is acting with all the licence of wild passion, or indulging in unmanly hysteria.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Painting by Sir W. Orchardson	£1239
Eight English chairs	£1050
Drawing by Birket Foster	£651
Pair of old Worcester vases	£451
A George I side-table	£260
Part set of Vanity Fair, 1st ed.	£255
Silver tankard, 1653	£238
A carved gilt Adam suite	£210
A Charles I silver goblet, 1639	£182
An English snuff-box of 1720	£131
Tapestry portrait of Queen Anne	£130
Pair of Chippendale stools	£110
A Queen Anne china cabinet	£100
An old Worcester mug	£56
Nicholas Nickleby, 1st edition	£50



## WHERE DO SWALLOWS GO IN WINTER?

AN ANSWER FROM THE OLD DAYS

The Queer Mistake of Wise Old Gilbert White

ASLEEP IN THE MUD

By Our Natural Historian

The other day a well-known public man asked the Editor if Gilbert White believed so foolish a thing as that swallows hibernate.

The answer is that he did. He accepted the testimony of all authorities in those days that swallows pass the winter in torpid sleep. We have his thoughts on the subject in a letter which he wrote in 1767. In this he is in one breath impatient with the evidence, then trustful, next critical again, but finally comes to think that as late broods of swallows are with us at a date when swallows should have migrated this fact must be accepted as proof of hibernation.

### Legend, Myth, and Fable

Let us not condemn this wonderful old observer for one blunder. He entered the world two centuries ago, when systematic study and exact observation of living Nature were unpractised. Legend, myth, and fantastic fable then held the place of knowledge, and were unquestioned. No one doubted that swallows hibernated, that they were drawn up, as a traveller assured Pepys, from the muddy depths of winter waters, just alive. We find the story in such poets as Carew, Cowper, and Dryden, and in writers as sane and cautious as Dr. Johnson.

These men accepted the legend without suspicion, just as they believed that badgers have their legs shorter on the left side than the right, enabling them to plant the longer legs in the ruts made by wheels, and so to run valiantly and escape pursuers.

### Beliefs of the Old Poets

Gilbert White did doubt; he could not master the perplexity of the swallow problem, and he plainly said so. But he was 'the father of natural history inquiry, the first of our observers, the founder of a school of naturalists the wide world over, from whom most of us have learned what we know.

The beliefs of the ages which Gilbert White inherited are simply incredible today. Raleigh and Shakespeare both believed in men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"; Shakespeare fixed in thousands of minds the idea of a precious jewel in the head of the toad. Spenser shared Shakespeare's belief that crocodiles shed tears to beguile their prey, and none doubted that chameleons lived on air, and salamanders in fire.

### The Way of the World

Not a known animal, bird, reptile, fish, or insect, was without its marvellous legend and absurdity, and to these were added hosts of creatures that never were on land or sea, each with its bewildering record of impossibilities to affright the public imagination. True learning died with the overthrow of Rome, and for a thousand years ignorance, superstition, and folly governed the minds of those who looked upon the living world.

Gilbert White was the first true observer of modern times who ignored the fables and set down facts. He erred about the swallows, and his rare error is more remembered than all his revelations of truth. It is the way of the world.

E. A. B.

## THE FIRST FRENCH FOOTBALL

A C.N. Reader Looks Back

An English reader in France sends us this note of great interest to some of our boys.

My memory carries me back about 38 years to somewhere in the autumn of 1888, when the first French football team practised on ground a few miles west of Paris. Even when the Preston North End and the Manningshams of Bradford came over from England to give exhibitions, of the game there was a very small sprinkling of spectators, but now large crowds of 25,000 or 30,000 people flock to the important matches, and every village in France has its team of footballers.

Expressions such as goal, corner, offside, hands, penalty, are quite common, and have become part of the language, but an English boy coming to France for the first time would probably experience some difficulty in recognising *gole*, *cornère*, *ofeside*, *heinde*, and *peinalli*. Dribbling has no equivalent in French, and is known as *dribbles*; its translation would run something after this fashion: *Poussez en avant par petits coups de pied la balle qui rebondira faiblement*, meaning literally "Push forward by slight knocks of the foot the ball, which will rebound gently."

### RURAL CRAFTSMEN

Good Movement Goes a Step Farther

A few weeks ago the C.N. was thinking of the craftsmen of old England and the Rural Industries Bureau, which is bringing to the public eye the work of men and women hidden away in villages and small towns. We are glad to hear that this good work is progressing.

The names of about 500 men and women are now on the Register of Rural Craftsmen, and all these can have a printed list of the shops which would like to see their work. A list of the craftsmen is also being printed for the use of the shops.

No one expects all these people to be geniuses at their craft, but it is said that a high standard of work is being revealed. The main difficulty for a long time will be putting these home-made wares on the market. A good step in the right direction is being made in connection with the British Industries Fair at the White City and in Birmingham, where the Bureau has a stand of exhibits of country work, so that trade buyers from all over the world will be able to judge of its value.

### A PROPHECY IN PALESTINE

And How it Came True

In Palestine, so a reader of the C.N. writes to tell us, there is an old prophecy of the Moslems which every Arab knows, and which many have repeated since the Crusaders sought to regain Palestine from the Crescent for the Cross, that never would Palestine be conquered by the Christians till the Nile should be brought to it.

It was as if someone had put off the date of the conquest till the Greek Kalends, for none ever supposed that the Nile, spilling itself through the delta to the Mediterranean, could ever be brought to flow across the Desert of Sinai and then be lifted up to the level of the Holy Land.

Yet, strange as it appears, this miracle was accomplished. In order to furnish our Palestine troops with water during the war the Nile was pumped across the desert through a 12-inch pipe-line. The troops went forward under General Lord Allenby to Jerusalem and the Plain of Armageddon, and Palestine was in this way subdued!

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

End of a Great Event

On February 26, 1871, ended the Franco-German War.

Once, when Thiers was proving very recalcitrant, I said to him: "In Germany we have a French army of 200,000 prisoners. What would you say if I were to conclude peace with Napoleon, and restore him the 200,000 soldiers who are now with us? What would become of your Republic then?" He bounded up. "Do that, would you?" he exclaimed. "Why not? (said I); the Republic has not been recognised yet. For us the Emperor is still the legitimate Sovereign of France." Thiers began to reflect, and he now became more pliable.

BISMARCK

What a scene, my dear friend, was that at which I have just been present. M. Thiers is a member of my committee; he came there on leaving the train, without even going to his house, in order to report to us on his painful negotiations. We had been waiting for him in a sitting of the committee for nearly an hour. Nothing can picture the greatness, the pain, of this story, which forced tears from us; and what eloquence there was in the spectacle of this old man, who had taken no rest for three days and three nights, after contests with Bismarck and the King of Prussia which lasted for ten consecutive hours. Alas! the sacrifice surpasses everybody's expectations!

A LETTER OF MARQUIS DE DAMPIERRE

### A NEW ZEALAND ENGINE

The Railwaymen's Memorial

There is a railway engine in New Zealand which will always be dear to railwaymen in the Dominion.

Until recently it was just an ordinary powerful engine, with a number but without a name; but today it is the engine of engines and has a place of honour in the New Zealand Exhibition at Dunedin. Every visitor goes to see it. It has been called the Passchendaele.

When the exhibition closes the engine will go back to regular work again, but it will no longer be an ordinary engine. It will be the pride and care of every railwayman who has anything to do with it.

Its drivers, firemen, and guards will be its devoted and wisely skilful masters. Engineers and mechanics will combine to maintain it in perfect condition. Cleaners will see that it is kept spick and span. Signalmen will ensure for it a clear road ahead. Railwaymen everywhere will salute it reverently as it thunders through wayside stations, as it slows down to pass men working on the line, or as it comes to rest.

It is the engine which carries the travelling memorial of the New Zealand Railwaymen who fell in the war.

### MAGNETIC SHIPS

Upsetting the Compasses

That hill of awe, the Mount Magnetic, which Sindbad saw and which drew ships into its dread embrace, has become a fact, but happily it is no longer dreaded.

The ships themselves have become Mounts Magnetic, according to a report made to steamship owners.

The reason for this is to be sought in the increasing use of the electro-magnet cranes which raise steel billets and rails by their magnets and load ships by this means. The steel rails become slightly magnetised. So do the steel hulls of the ships, and in the hulls the effect appears to be cumulative, so that the ship gradually becomes a permanent magnet. It is not a strong one. There is no fear that two magnetised steel ships will rush together, but the magnetism is sufficient to upset the ships' compasses, which are adjusted to the surroundings of ordinary but not of magnetised steel.

## ZODIACAL LIGHT THE STRANGE LUMINOUS CONE IN THE SKY

Myriads of Tiny Planets that Whirl Round the Sun

AN OLD MYSTERY SOLVED

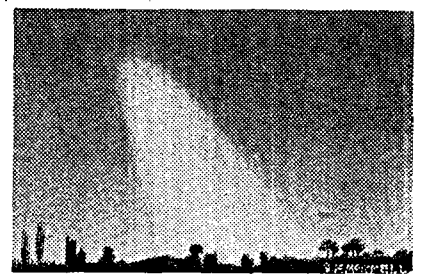
By the C.N. Astronomer

The dark, moonless evenings of the next fortnight may give us an opportunity of seeing the delicate phenomenon of the Zodiacal Light, this being the best time of this year for observing it.

Appearing as a faintly luminous cone, resembling that of the Milky Way but rather more intense and decidedly yellowish, it stands upward from near the western horizon to the left, as indicated in the picture, which shows it much intensified for clearness.

This Zodiacal Light may be observed from about an hour after sunset for about an hour or so, according to the clearness of the evening.

But a very clear atmosphere and absence of artificial lighting are essential; an unobstructed view from some height



The Zodiacal Light

on a dark country landscape would be ideal, for the observer would be raised above low-lying mists.

The apex of this cone of light will generally be found at this time of the year in the vicinity of the Pleiades, and later extending to and beyond Aldebaran.

When once found it is an impressive sight, and in the ideal conditions of the Tropics it exhibits greater luminosity and a much farther extension eastward.

The region of this singular light was for centuries a realm of mystery and speculation among astronomers, regarded by some as a solar atmosphere extending far into space or as an extension of the Corona; by others as an electrical display or even a terrestrial phenomenon of the upper atmosphere.

All these conceptions are now generally abandoned, exhaustive spectroscopic research having proved that the light is reflected sunlight and that there must be something material to reflect it.

This is now known to take the form of multitudes of small bodies, little worlds, some so small as to range in size between marbles and grains of sand. As they are really little planets they have been termed *planetesimals*.

### Fifty Times Faster Than a Bullet

They revolve in orbits round the Sun at speeds, in the case of those nearest to him, several times greater than that of the Earth, indeed with a velocity from fifty to a hundred times faster than a bullet leaves a rifle.

They are sufficiently numerous and close together to give the effect of a film of light, just as the multitudes of suns composing the Milky Way are known to do. Indeed, these myriads of particles composing the Zodiacal Light have exactly the same relationship to the Sun as the multitude of tiny moons composing Saturn's lovely Rings have to Saturn, except that in the case of the Zodiacal Light it is on a very much larger scale. The bodies composing it, too, are farther apart, making the Zodiacal Ring much more attenuated, and resembling in this respect the Crêpe Ring of Saturn's system, permitting objects to shine through it practically undimmed.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mars, Jupiter, and Venus in the south-east; Saturn south.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 41

### Found

As he crouched there in the down-pour it came to him, very dimly, how right Ken had been in christening him Go-Bang Garry! With what a senseless bang he did go for things! When he might have been cosily finishing Prep. at Eastborough here he was, miles away, getting drenched to the skin, and horribly hungry and tired.

"What an owl I am!" he breathed. A little sound which was almost a groan escaped him. "Anything wrong, mate?" came a voice at his side.

He turned with a start to find one of the local youths, who had followed him unnoticed into the shelter of the broad and overhanging arch of the parapet. "Anything wrong, mate?" he said again, peering at Garry.

"No, but I wish I was out of this," Garry said, shivering.

"You're right!" agreed his companion. "It ain't more than begun yet. When we has a summer storm here we fair has one. I recollect once last June when it came down in torrents all night and for twelve hours on end, and the thunder—my word!

"You see," he explained, "Fannings lies in a saucer of the hills, so it shuts the rain-clouds in when they fall from the hills. That's why we catch it so proper. The storm can't pass on."

"It's lifting!" Garry said.

"Perhaps for a moment or two," assented Job's Comforter, "then it'll come on fiercer. But I wonder you let it catch you without an overcoat. Still, you're not the only one," he continued, with a provoking chuckle. "As I came along I passed a lad in a rare stew, trying to get some shelter where the trees drip. He had no coat either. Caught same as you."

Garry cried at him: "Which way did you come?"

The youth pointed in the direction away from the town.

"The way you were going," he answered. "Up the Low Harborough road."

"Then that could only have been a few minutes ago."

"Yes—Hi, mate! You'll be drowned if you go yet!"

But Garry was off. His hunger and his weariness both were gone. Straight ahead he ran, shouting Feddon's name, and pausing to beat the hedge where the shadows were darkest.

"Feddon!" he kept calling. "Feddon, old man!" But the only answer was the swish of the rain.

He didn't know what the time was. He didn't care. The storm had blotted out a dying day's light, but it could not extinguish the flame at his heart. Something told him that Feddon wanted him more than ever; and he wasn't failing Feddon—he was not failing him.

Garry had lost count of the distance he had come, or of how long he had been running, when he found Feddon. He found him in what remained of a tumble-down cowshed, whose misty outline had loomed from a field by the road. He had fallen full length with his head on his outstretched arms; but he stirred at Garry's step and he muttered some words when Garry's face, a white patch in the darkness, came close to his own, and as Garry's hands, which were trembling, touched his shoulder.

"Old man!" gulped Garry. "Hurray! What a storm!"

The last words sounded such piffle. But he had to say something; and he didn't know what to say, his voice shook so.

Feddon stirred again. "I'm so thirsty," he moaned. He seemed to be past resistance and past any wonder that Garry had come like a miracle out of the night. He seemed numbed through and through in body and brain. "I'm

so thirsty," he moaned again in a voice like a child's.

Garry had to master the shake in his own voice.

"Rain water," he muttered. "I've drunk some myself."

In a trice he was out and groping his way to the hedge, where he filled his cap hurriedly from the swollen ditch. Scarcely had he got back and made Feddon drink when the storm broke anew; the rain lashed the shed till it rattled, and lightning was piercing the rain.

"Cats and dogs!" exclaimed Garry, still in that matter-of-fact tone. He saw that Feddon was on the verge of a breakdown, and that only by keeping calm himself could he steady him. But what a fight with his own emotions to keep calm!

A sheet of lightning lighted their miserable shelter.

In the flash Feddon's face was revealed, white as wax with exhaustion. Garry knelt and, feeling Feddon's coat pockets, found what he was praying to find there, a small paper bag. It was crushed and soaked, as the biscuits inside it were; but he drew them out and said briskly: "We'll have our grub now."

Again what a thing to say! Did Feddon smile wanly? Garry could not see, but in the voice that replied he fancied he caught one note that was stronger and firmer.

"Garry—is it really—you? Is it you—really?"

Garry fed him with the biscuits and ate some himself. He wanted to gobble the lot down, so hungry he felt. So tired he was, he wanted to drift off to sleep. But, gathering all his strength to serve his friend's need, he fought down sleep and hunger and held Feddon close in his arms to get what warmth they could from each other's bodies.

It was some time before he spoke. His thoughts were too busy. The storm grew fiercer and fiercer, and he knew very well that they could never get back to Eastborough tonight. Feddon was too beat to get back even to Fannings. Could he have managed it himself? He knew that he couldn't. The storm would overpower both if they tried. So there was nothing to do but to wait through the night.

What time was it now? He could not see his watch. He wished he had matches.

On this he felt at Feddon's pockets again. He found a box of matches and eagerly struck one.

Eleven o'clock! That settled the last of his doubts. It was hopeless to try to get back tonight to the school.

Garry struck another match, and, disengaging himself gently from Feddon, he groped round the hut and discovered a litter of brushwood. There was a trough in the driest corner, one of those wooden troughs which are used to feed sheep. Though the nails which held its decaying timber together yielded readily to his tugging, the effort warmed him. Very carefully then he piled his brushwood and lighted it. Very cautiously he added the pieces of trough. His fire spluttered, sulked, wavered feebly; he fell flat and blew at it. It began to crackle. The trough was catching alight.

Through anxious minutes he nursed those reluctant flames. And when he saw that he had won he drew Feddon towards him and huddled his limp and resistless frame close up.

Neither spoke till Garry broke a long silence.

"This is topping," he said.

But Feddon had fallen asleep, like a child, in his arms.

## CHAPTER 42

### "I'm Not Going Back!"

It was after midnight before Feddon stirred. Garry, who had been dozing by fits and starts,

and sleepily feeding their fire from his reserve, heard him muttering "Where am I?" then caught his own name, "Garry!"

"Halloa, old man."

"Where are we? What are we doing here? Where are we?"

"You've been having a snooze, old boy. Pop off to sleep again."

"No, I can't sleep. I remember. I've run away!"

He slipped from Garry's hold and, putting the fire between them, he knelt beside it and held his hands, which were trembling, to the blaze. It made them look such thin and transparent hands; and against the background of shadow the flames, as they flickered and rose, played fantastically with his pinched face and startled eyes.

"Garry!"

"Yes, old man?"

"How did you find me?"

"I followed you. It was easy enough," Garry mumbled.

"Does the whole school know that I've run away?"

"Nobody did when I left. I destroyed your message to me."

"But they must know now?"

"Yes; they'll know now, old man."

The thunder and lightning had passed. The storm was abating. Garry went out and brought some more water back. They both drank. Then for another space there was no sound or movement, save for the fire's murmur and the sob of the rain.

At last another whisper came from the shadows.

"Garry!"

"Old chap?"

"You know why I've run away?"

Across the fire Garry's steady eyes searched Feddon's face.

"You haven't run away," was all he replied.

"You know why I've run away?"

As Feddon repeated this his voice sounded stronger, but without a spark of life.

Rising, Garry came round the fire to his side. He stood there, kicking the wood together as he answered. He responded to the lifelessness in Feddon's tones by withdrawing much of the gentleness from his own. For he had said to himself: "I mustn't go on pitying him too much. I must put some fight into him. I must get back his courage."

Aloud he said:

"I don't know why you ran away. All I know is that I'm hanged if I'd run away from The Conclave, and all I know more is that you're not playing straight with your father. Feddon, old man, you're not playing the game with your father. You promised him to stick it out till July. You always have played the game with him—that's all I know."



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He could see Feddon's shoulders quiver. It seemed a very long time till he spoke again.

"Garry, I hadn't forgotten the bargain I made with my father. When I got into the Gudgeon I almost turned back because of it. It was a long time before I went on from there. Garry, I hadn't forgotten my promise to my father."

No mercy in Garry's voice.

"But you didn't play up."

"No, I'm not playing up. But he'll understand."

"Your father?"

"Yes. My father will understand. I was thinking about it all the afternoon while I was hiding in the woods before I dared risk going on to Verney Junction."

Feddon paused, and peered up through the smoke. "Garry," he said, "how did you discover I'd made for the Junction?"

"It was easy," said Garry again.

"I thought there was a train to London from there at five. So I waited till five, but there wasn't a train, and the porters were staring so. So I went on to Fannings—"

"I know. You went to the picture palace."

"Yes. There wasn't a train there, so I went to the picture palace to think out what to do next. I couldn't be seen there."

"Yes." Garry breathed at the pause. He would not interrupt again to draw the fugitive back to his promise, because Feddon's words were coming more freely at last and in a tone that was no longer listless and hopeless.

"Garry, I knew they'd have missed me by then at the School, so I decided to walk on to Low Harborough, where I'd be out of reach all right till the morning. You see? I meant to get a bed at Low Harborough and catch any train that went first in the morning toward London. I've plenty of money on me. I thought I could manage it. But the storm came. And beat me."

"Yes, I know," said Garry.

"I will get a train in the morning and I'll go straight home."

Garry stooped and touched him. "You won't!" he said harshly.

"I will, Garry. I'm not going back. They shan't fetch me back."

"And what about your solemn word to your father?"

"He'll understand."

The fire was faltering before going out. They had burned all their wood; the gloom which surrounded them grew darker and closer. They crouched together again, and Garry recalled that Feddon had asked him a question which he had passed by.

"Well, why did you run away?" he asked, going back to it.

"Never mind—now," Feddon stammered, in a queer voice.

"You asked me if I knew why?"

"Oh—it doesn't matter—now."

"All right. But you'll come back, old man, and you'll face the music."

"I'm never going back."

"You are. You're facing it out. They won't expel you if you go back and face it out. If you don't go back you'll have left Eastborough in disgrace."

"Why did you find me, Garry?"

"To take you back."

"They'll think you've run away, too."

"Yes, they'll think that," said Garry; "at first."

A little sigh escaped Feddon. Then, "At first?" he said.

"What do you mean, Garry?"

"Because," Garry uttered slowly, "I'm taking you back in the morning, and you and I are going to tell The Maypole the truth. We're going to tell him every bit of the truth, Feddon."

"You are; when you go back. I'm never going back."

Feddon had drawn away. His voice had come faintly, but there was nothing wavering in it, and nothing plaintive. It had taken that dull but fixed and inflexible tone in which he had told Soppy Tadworth that he would never speak to him.

"I am not going back," he repeated.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Blue Mountain

RICHARD lived in a little house at the foot of a great mountain in Switzerland.

The mountain was green in the spring, sprinkled with tiny coloured flowers, and great trees grew up its side. In winter it was often white, and in the hot summer it grew brown or golden; but it was never blue.

Richard used to wonder sometimes why it was that other mountains were blue but his never. He made up his mind that if ever the chance came he would visit one of those far-off heights and gather blue grass.

One day the chance came. An old friend of his father's turned up unexpectedly in a motor-car and offered to take Richard for a ride. Richard was delighted. And soon they started, Richard sitting beside his father's friend, who drove the car down long, white roads beside a green river. Far in front of them a great, peaked, blue mountain held its head high above the others. They seemed to be making straight for it.

Now and again the car would drive through an archway of rock or into a wood, hiding the mountain for a moment from their sight. Then out they would come again, and Richard could see the blue mountain still beckoning them on.

But after a little the rushing through the air and the monotonous sound of the car's engine made Richard feel sleepy; his head began to nod, and, though he blinked and blinked, his eyes refused to keep open.

How long he slept he did not know, but suddenly the car went over a bump in the road and jerked him wide awake again. And, strange to say, though there were fields and trees growing around and above him on a height, the blue mountain had vanished.

"What has happened to my blue mountain?" he asked.

"There it is, above you," his friend answered, pointing in front of them. "But it is blue no longer because we are close to it. Did you expect to find the trees and grass on it blue?"

"I think I did," said Richard.

"That was only the distance," said the man, laughing. "Things change when you are close to them. Look back," he said, as he slowed down the car; "far over there you will see the mountain you live beneath."

"Yes," cried Richard, "I can see it. And it's blue; yet when I get to it I suppose the grass will turn to green again."

"Yes," answered his companion; "and perhaps one day you will know that there are things in life rather like that, Richard. Some people say Romance is one, and perhaps, too, the things we haven't got."

Richard looked back to where "his" mountain held its blue head high against a white cloud.

"Green grass is beautiful, and the things we have are sometimes the best," said the man.





# Good Humour Carries the Day O'er All the World



## D! MERRYMAN

LITTLE Jack had lost his pen-knife. Carefully he searched all his pockets, and then said with a sigh:

"Oh, dear! I wish I had another pocket—it might be in that one."

### What Are They?

AN adjective meaning foolish, an indefinite article, a vapour, and a conveyance make a large island. A word meaning money, and a sheet of water make a beautiful mountain State.

A boy's name and delicious fruits make an Eastern group of islands.

A conjunction, an indefinite article, and a human being make an island group. *Solutions next week*

### Do You Live at Ipswich?

IPSWICH used to be spelled Gipeswic, which means the wic, or dwelling, of Gipa, no doubt some person of importance who lived here in far-away times and gave his name to the town which grew up in the district.

WHAT trade is that whose best works are trampled under foot? Bootmaking.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in shovel but not in spade,  
My second's in plunder but not in raid,  
My third is in brilliant but not in bright,  
My fourth is in darkness but not in light,  
My fifth is in pastel but not in chalk,  
My sixth is in question but not in talk,  
My seventh's in stumble but not in fall,  
My eighth is in steamer but not in yawl,  
My ninth is in zealous but not in skill,  
My whole is an artist born in Seville. *Answer next week*

### An Expert

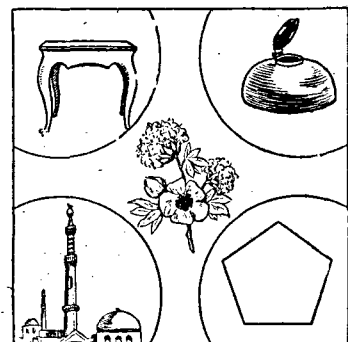
BOBBIE had been invited to dine at the home of one of his school friends. It was the first time he had paid a visit by himself.

When the meal had been served, the hostess saw Bobbie struggling with a knife and fork.

"Are you sure you can cut up your own meat?" she asked.

"Yes, thanks, I can do it," replied Bobbie. "I've cut up a good deal tougher meat than this at home."

### Hidden Birds



WRITE down the names of the five objects in this drawing, and then make the names of birds by taking one letter from each word. There are at least two birds with names of five letters which can be found in this way, but a number of other names can be formed by taking one letter from each of three or four words. How many can you find? *Solution next week*

WHY is a very angry man like a clock at fifty-nine minutes past twelve?

Because he is ready to strike one.

### A Brownie's Mental Arithmetic



The Damaged Grasshopper:

"WHEN I'd two legs I used to jump

Three feet among the hay.  
Now tell me—it's a simple sum—  
How far I jump today."

Snorum the Scholar:

"THAT is an easy one, indeed!  
(Forgive me if I laugh);  
Subtract a leg, and now your jump  
Is one foot and a half!"

### A Privilege for Posterity

AFTER he had been speaking for a very long time a pompous orator, who thought his views were of the greatest importance, interjected the remark:

"I hope the reporters present this evening are making a careful record of what I say, because I am speaking for the benefit of our descendants."

A tired voice from the audience replied:

"If you don't stop talking soon our descendants will be able to come and listen to what you have to say."

WHY should we never tell a man to take a back seat?

Because if we do he will take affront.

### A Simple Puzzle

WE are a score, nay, sometimes more,

Within a cave reside;  
Though seldom 'tis we disagree,  
We often do divide.

If we fall out there is no doubt  
We ne'er shall meet again,

Both boy and girl our worth can tell  
Though oft we cause them pain.

In white array the ladies gay  
In mirth will often show us.

From what is said, we are afraid,  
You will too quickly know us.

### A Jumbo Grumbles

AN elephant trained for a circus complained, "It's a shame how they work us.

We're kept toiling all day,  
But when bun-time comes they  
Show a strong inclination to shirk us!"

WHY are blacksmiths a most discontented class of workers? Because they are always striking.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Dropped Letter. Negro, Nero.

Beheaded Words

S-kate, s-tray, D-rake, b-ear, b-rook, S-pain.

Buried Battles

Boyne, Pinkie, Nile, Dunbar, Minden

Who Was He?

The Modern Sage was Thomas Carlyle

## Jacko Makes Time Fly

WHEN Jacko remarked that the cold weather always made him very hungry Mrs. Jacko said that she didn't need any telling.

"I've never known a boy with such an appetite," she declared.

But, all the same, Mrs. Jacko would have been the first person to be worried if Jacko hadn't had a good appetite, and the next minute she was off to the kitchen to make a specially nice pudding for dinner.

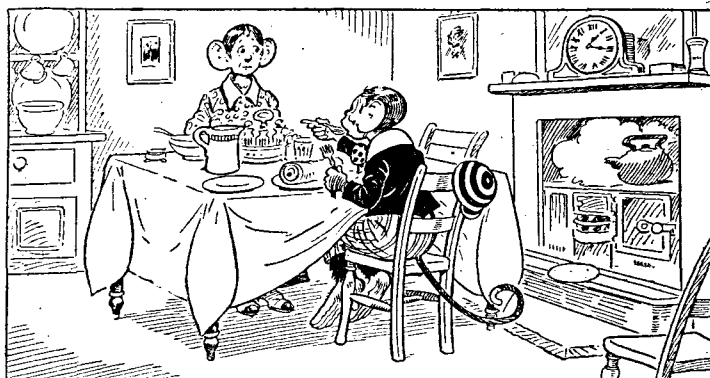
"I like to see young people eat," she said. "It's a sign of good health."

Jacko followed his mother out into the kitchen; and when he saw the pudding she was making he fairly danced for joy.

"Jam roly!" he shouted. And he begged Mrs. Jacko to make a big one so that they could all have two helpings.

"I might even want a third," he added, thoughtfully; and then ran off to amuse himself as best he could. But the house seemed strangely dull that morning and he thought it was never going to be time for dinner.

But at last things began to look a little more hopeful. Mrs. Jacko popped her head round the sitting-room door and



Jacko dug his fork into the pudding

exclaimed: "Just look at the time! 'I had no idea it was so late!'"

And she rushed off to hurry up the meal, as she called it.

The morning went a bit quicker after that. Tempting odours came from the kitchen and Jacko began to get quite excited.

"It won't be long now," he said, with a grin.

He was quite right about that. Soon Mrs. Jacko brought out a pile of plates and began to lay the table.

But when everything was ready Mr. Jacko and Adolphus were nowhere to be found. They had gone for a walk in the village and hadn't come back.

Mrs. Jacko glanced at the clock. "It's too bad of them," she said crossly. "They know dinner is at one o'clock."

Jacko said that the best plan would be to start without them, and, after waiting a few minutes, Mrs. Jacko agreed.

"I don't see why everything should be spoiled," she said.

But Mr. Jacko and Adolphus hadn't turned up by the end of the first course; and at last Mrs. Jacko cleared it away and put the roly-poly on the table. To her horror Jacko pulled the dish towards him and dug his fork into the pudding.

But just then Mr. Jacko and Adolphus burst into the room. They were wild when Mrs. Jacko scolded them for being late.

"Late, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Jacko. "Why, it's only half-past twelve!" And then he looked at the clock, which distinctly said a quarter-past one!

"Who's been meddling with the clocks?" he roared.

Jacko slipped off his chair and darted out of the room. There was no roly-poly for him that day.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### When a Fish Gets Seasick

A New York scientist who has made a very thorough study of fish life tells us that fish very easily become seasick when being taken by ship from one place to another.

The swaying of the tanks in which they are contained has much the same effect on them as the swaying of the ship has on human beings, for they cannot retain their food and are apparently very miserable.

### Quand un Poisson a le Mal de Mer

Un savant de New York qui a étudié à fond les mœurs des poissons nous affirme que ceux-ci souffrent communément du mal de mer lorsqu'on les transporte d'un lieu à un autre en bateau.

Le balancement des réservoirs dans lesquels ils voyagent a sur eux à peu près le même effet qu'a le roulis du vaisseau sur les humains, car ils rejettent leur pâture et ont l'air fort malheureux.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## In the Garden

BABS and Winifred looked very cross.

"I don't know why we must stay at school for dinner tomorrow," Babs said. "It's much nicer to come home."

"Mummy says it will be more convenient if we stay at school," said Winifred; "but I can't see why."

And so the next day they stayed at school for dinner, and were taken for a walk with the boarders, and did not go home until tea-time. They ran in as Mummy was ready to pour out, and there was Daddy, too, waiting to have it with them.

"Oh, Daddy, will you play with us after tea?" said Babs.

"Yes, we'll all go into the garden," their father answered, "and Mummy will come too."

They all went out together and Daddy led the way to a little shrubbery where the children often played.

When they were under the trees Babs and Winifred began all at once to shout with excitement.

"Oh, look, look!" they cried, staring at something with surprised eyes.

The "something" was a darling little house made of white painted wood, with a red roof, a white door, and a dear little window draped with pretty curtains.

They could hardly believe that they were awake!

The little girls ran to the door and went through into a little room big enough to hold three or four children. It had a white table and chairs, a small cupboard, a picture on the wall, a pot of flowers; and



They could hardly believe it

on the table were cups and saucers and everything else for a tea-party.

"Now you know," said Daddy, smiling, "why we wanted you to stay at school all day. Don't you think it was worth it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Babs and Winifred. "It's the most beautiful surprise that could happen;" and they ran in and out of the little house, talking and laughing, and thanking their mother and father over and over again.



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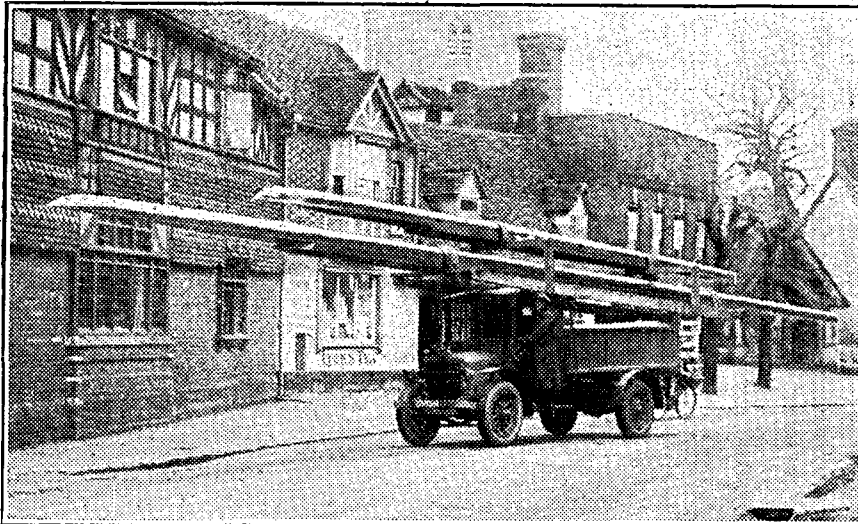
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February 27, 1926

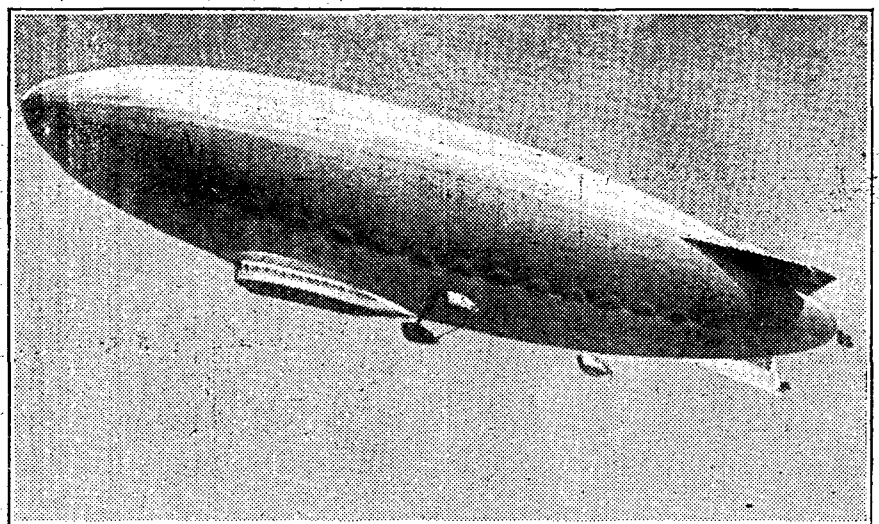
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## AIRSHIP FOR THE POLE · BOATMAN SCORES A GOAL · GRASS SNOW-SHOES



Preparing for the Boat Race—The odd-looking load which this lorry is carrying may puzzle us at first, but actually it is Oxford's new boat passing through Dorchester, Oxfordshire



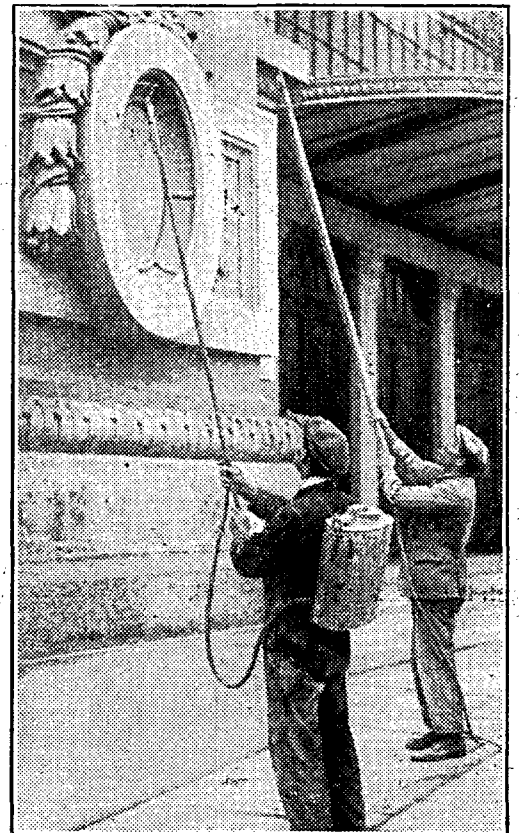
An Air Liner for the North Pole—Here is the great Italian dirigible in which Amundsen is to attempt to fly to the North Pole. Some of us may see it next month on a visit to England



Snow-shoes Made of Grass—Curious snow-shoes made of plaited grass are being used by the Swedes to keep their feet warm when standing about in the snow.



A King of the Dog Family—St. Bernard dogs are famous for their size and gentleness, and here is a splendid specimen, who quite dwarfs his mistress, being taken in her car to compete at Cruft's Dog Show in London



The White City Renews its Youth—These workmen are making things spick and span at the White City, London, for the great British Industries Fair.



The Boatman Scores a Goal—Floods have been the rule all over England this winter, and here is an especially desolate scene on Hackney Marshes, in the suburbs of London, where the grounds of over twenty football clubs at Lea Bridge have been many feet deep in water



Heavy Work for the Engine—Northampton suffered severely the other day, when the heavy rains caused the River Nene to burst its banks, flooding the lower parts of many houses. The traction engine here must have been one of the few vehicles able to get through the water

## A JOURNEY ON THE ROAD THAT LED TO LIVINGSTONE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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